VOL. CCX, No. 2740

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THE SPHERE, AUGUST 16, 1952
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The SPHERE

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Office : Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2

Schweppshire Post, 1952

'Post's' Peephole on Schweppshire in Shirtsleeves

Happy Holidays are Here!

HOPS DESTROYED BY LIGHTNING

CROWD WASHED OUT

By Freak Storm

SEA SCOUTS MAROONED IN COVE

Crops are now past salvation in many parts of Schweppshire. The holiday sporting programme has been ruined and the roads were crowded yesterday with disappointed holiday-makers trooping back from flooded coastal resorts and bathing beaches where giant waves have wrecked bathing huts and spread an amazing melée of condemned slot machines, deck quoits, old second-hand bathing towels and retired naval men five hundred yards inland.

Setting Lotion in Cream Buns

RESORTS WARNED

Many little ones were taken to hospital after the Orphans' Outing last Wednesday. Each had eaten only fifteen of these confections when the leader of the troop complained that she was unable to remove her Brownie sombrero.

GRISLY FIND

IN FESTIVAL "WELL OF TRUTH"

Human Jawbone lodged in Wall:

Foul Play Suspected

Amateur detectives were wondering whether there was any connection between this incident and the finding of an unidentified gold tooth in a margarine tin in Schwepton Mallet Reservoir.

Bungalow Blaze

NEXT TO PETROL STORE

Dissatisfied bathing-machine attendants have put the charming little coves of East Schweppshire under a reign of terror during the past fortnight. Peaceful holiday-makers have been premeditatedly attacked with knotted bathing costumes or pelted with old cuttlefish by inflamed malcontents.

Quadruple Crash

HOLIDAY CHARABANC BUCKLED

Boy Buried Head Down in Sand Castle—Will Survive

Four hours' artificial respiration were administered to Tony Rössl, recently cut out of wealthy uncle's will. Ailing Rössl had earlier been shaken when with thirteen other little ones he narrowly escaped cliff fall on Lido of Schweppington-Schwuper-Mare.

INSPECTOR STRAIGHTLEFT No. 483

Written by Stephen Potter. Drawn by Lewitt-Him

MORRIS DANCING round Schweppherd's Bush

In Midsummer Months the Holland House (Acton) Society moves from leafy Lime Grove for the green oasis in whose greater spaciousness the difficult 5/4 and complex 10/66 rhythms are interestingly attempted (G. Schwort, F.R.Z.S., on right)

don't let { Chilled Feet, Hangover, Sting-ray blisters, 'Purple-patch', Sunburn, Heat Palsy

take the edge off your Holiday

smile with PP Antischwepptic

Volume CCX No. 2740 The SPHERE, London, August 16, 1952

The SPHERE

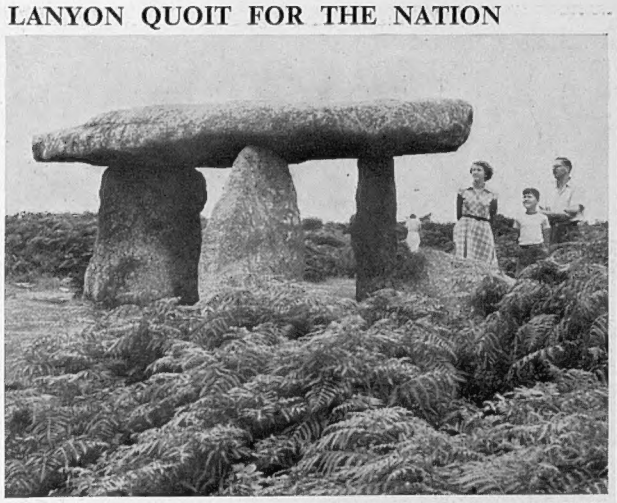
with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

THE ROYAL FAMILY JOURNEY TO BALMORAL—THE QUEEN GREETS MAJOR A. W. LESLIE, OF THE BLACK WATCH, ON HER ARRIVAL AT BALLATER AT THE START OF HER SCOTTISH HOLIDAY: Emerging from the station behind her is the Duke of Edinburgh holding the hand of little Princess Anne, and the Duke of Cornwall follows on behind. On the left of the entrance stands the Marquess of Aberdeen, the Lord Lieutenant of Aberdeenshire.

The Royal Family began their annual Scottish holiday in drenching rain, but despite the weather over 1,000 people gave them a rousing reception at Ballater Station when they arrived after an overnight journey from London. The Queen, in dove grey, was accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Cornwall, Princess Anne and Princess Margaret. After the Duke of Edinburgh had inspected the guard of honour of The Black Watch, the Royal party drove to Balmoral, where they will stay until October. The Duchess of Kent and her family, who are also spending their holiday on the Balmoral estate, arrived by the ordinary night train at Ballater, half-an-hour after the Royal train. Earlier, while they had been having breakfast in the station restaurant at Aberdeen, the Royal train had arrived from London and went on to Ballater. With the Duchess were the Duke of Kent, Princess Alexandra, Prince Michael and several family friends. Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, journeyed north by air, leaving London Airport and landing less than two hours later at Leuchars. From Leuchars she drove to Balmoral.

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

LANYON QUOIT FOR THE NATION



HOLIDAY-MAKERS INSPECTING THE LANYON QUOIT, A CORNISH MONUMENT WHICH HAS BEEN PRESENTED TO THE NATIONAL TRUST: The Quoit, or cromlech, dating from about 1500 B.C., consists of a capstone 17 ft. long and 8 ft. broad, which rests on three stones, each about 5 ft. high. It is a sepulchral monument standing above an ancient burial-ground which has been rifled several times during the past. A gale early in the nineteenth century blew the whole thing down and the stones lay on the ground for nine years until they were replaced with the aid of tackle from a naval dock-yard. The monument has been presented to the Trust by Lieut.-Colonel E. H. W. Bolitho, Lord Lieutenant of Cornwall.

AN OPEN-AIR ART SHOW AT BATTERSEA

THE SELECTION COMMITTEE CHOOSING PICTURES FOR THE OPEN-AIR ART EXHIBITION AT BATTERSEA PLEASURE GARDENS: From left to right the Committee members are: James Boswell, F.S.I.A., John Minton, Eric Newton, Edward Ardizzone and Arthur Fleischmann. The exhibition, which opened last week, includes pictures from artists of many nationalities, and is the first organised open-air show to be held in this country. The exhibition has been organised by the Artists' International Association, and will remain open until August 24.

AMERICAN GIRL PIPERS IN LONDON

MEMBERS OF AN AMERICAN GIRL PIPE BAND PERFORMING A SCOTTISH SWORD DANCE IN LONDON: The girls come from the State University of Iowa, and are to tour Britain. Later this month they will give performances at Edinburgh. Their first show was a lunch-time concert on the site of the Festival of Britain Exhibition on the South Bank, where this picture was taken.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *for dispatch to addresses at home and overseas can be sent direct to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2. The rates for 12 months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire are £5 16s. 6d.; 6 months and Christmas Number, £3; 6 months without Christmas Number, £2 16s. 6d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are £5 14s., £2 19s. and £2 15s.; and for elsewhere Overseas £5 18s. 6d., £3 1s. 3d. and £2 17s. 6d. The terms are inclusive of postage.*

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Another August Bank Holiday.—

I still remember more clearly than many subsequent August Bank Holidays one which fell on August 4 thirty-eight years ago. It proved to be a very long Bank holiday, for by Government ukase it was extended for most of the week. It was very hot and stuffy and not much of a holiday for anyone. Then, as now, the big marquees were up for the village flower shows and junkets, but the flowers withered unprized and the big vegetables were unsung and neglected. Most of us were going off to our action stations, and some of us, as we went, dimly realised we were attending the deathbed of a "good old" world and the birth of a new and nastier. The weather was much cooler and stormy on the Bank Holiday of August 4, 1952. This suited our cold war conditions and the perpetual recurrence of international storms, but the marquees were crowded and the big vegetables gained their praise and prizes. There were nation-wide sounds of revelry between the storms in 1952 and, despite the lowering clouds, political, economic and climatic, 1952 was a much pleasanter Bank Holiday than 1914. What a lot has happened since then! We have grown used to holocausts of human lives, to devastation of cities, uprooting of populations, everlasting tension, the rise and shameful end of dictators and aggressors; to hunger and privation and regimentation, to national disunity, to centuries of social revolution crammed into thirty years, to horse speeds increased to supersonic, to the incredible implications of television and atomic power. But the village flower shows are much as they were in that other civilisation.

Bedlam or Paradise?—

This fact does not greatly surprise me. The flowers are a solace, the vegetables badly needed. What does surprise me, when I glance back to 1914 and compare it with 1952, is that the other fixture—war—still raises its ugly big-top beside the marquee on the village green. When you count the cost to aggressors and to the innocent in blood and agony of mind and body, in treasure, in beauty, in amenity, in peace of mind and security, you would have supposed that the only big-top to stand on the greens on Bank Holidays all the world over would cover flowers and big bean-pods and throw no darker shadow over the land. But our world is very mad. It was struck with insanity thirty-eight years ago and shows no sign of being cured. The more and more marvellously we improve communications, the less we understand our neighbours. We have enjoyed forty years of Babel, and perhaps the oddest thing of all is that one-half of the world thinks the other half mad and itself sane. Counting up the profit and loss, balancing the world's gains and losses, at least 50 per cent. of humanity feels itself far better off to-day than in 1914. Are we all mad together? Or only half of us? And if so, which half?

Nicolson's George V.—

It is natural that I should read with interest, and comment on, Harold Nicolson's *Life and Reign of George V.* Lee's "all-purposes" biography of Edward VII, published in 1925-27, fell in point of *accuracy* between two stools in George V's judgment. It is the custom in modern times when a Sovereign dies for his successor to authorise two official biographies to be written. The first, a personal memoir of the *man*, with the politics of his reign to be sketched in merely as a background to his activities in every important sphere. This character biography and personal memoir must be taken in hand very soon after a Sovereign's death while still the memories of his intimates, his Ministers, his Court and servants, are vivid and dependable, so that a full picture of the man he was may be painted for posterity. The second book, the political biography, must be deferred until the fires of political controversy have died down, the smoke dissipated and the records examined in detail. Ten years have come to be regarded as a minimum interval before the second biography is taken in hand. The personal memoir was entrusted to me and came out in 1941 in the first fury of the Second World War. Harold Nicolson, who began his work in the sure expectation that it would be published in the reign immediately succeeding his subject's, has now published his book. Alas! The first biographer of another dead Sovereign must now begin his labours. In the introduction, Mr. Nicolson pays a generous tribute to my own book and clearly restates the principle of the two phases of the biographical scheme. He does not devote much space to the early years when, as Prince George or as Duke of York, George V was remarkably untroubled by politics and public duties, and he has not much that is new to say of those years. Like me, he studied every word of the King's faithfully-kept diaries—they cover the whole of his days from boyhood to death—and there is clear proof that—invaluable as they are to a biographer as a calendar of dates and a perfect check on accuracy—they do not contain much in the way of private opinions, ideas or inner life; the numerous excerpts which he makes are almost exactly the same as those cited by me.

Chief Political Issues.—

The bulk of his book is rightly devoted to the politics of the reign and it is an impartial, lucid and thorough record within his brief. The political biographer is always faced with a difficulty rather similar to the librarian's. The latter seeks to arrange his volumes according to subject, but he finds the quartos won't "lie down" with octavos. The biographer desires to treat the chief themes of his period complete and continuously, but these subjects have a nasty habit of cropping up *passim* and usually refuse to be finished within a single year or even decade. Mr. Nicolson has very cleverly overcome this difficulty. Perhaps events and dates exceptionally helped him. The vital events of the reign were no doubt the Parliament Bill, labour unrest, war tension, Ireland, the First World War, post-war reconstruction, the first Labour Government, the financial crisis of 1929-31, the Commonwealth "revolution," leading to the Statute of Westminster, and the Indian question, and the first shadow of World War Two. Many of these matters he has managed to deal with entire while preserving his time sequence. Some of them profoundly affected or altered the constitutional importance of the Crown. He shows how the King fought for, while he often wisely and patriotically surrendered, his Royal prerogatives, always putting the dignity of his high office before his own personal power. It required the lapse of sixteen years from his death to reveal from State documents the other side of the battle: how his Prime Ministers, whom he so loyally and impartially supported, sometimes fought ruthlessly against him for the prerogatives of Cabinet and Commons, handling him, indeed, very roughly. Significant, and to many surprising, will be such instances as the King's effort to maintain dignity in the proceedings of the Commons and Baldwin's dictatorial counter-attacks (p. 428), Mr. MacDonald's coolness over the precedent of Isaacs' appointment as Governor-General of Australia (p. 480), and Lloyd-George's slippery intransigence in the Honours scandal of 1916 (referred to on p. 511).

A NEW PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN

MISS MARGARET LINDSAY WILLIAMS WITH HER NEW PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN: This is the first portrait of the Queen to be painted since her accession. Miss Williams, who comes from Wales, has an unrivalled record as a painter of Royalty: Edward VII, George V, Edward VIII, Queen Mary and the Queen Mother all sat for her.

An Open Window.—

I can only select from many interesting passages. Chapter viii is perhaps the keystone, and the constitutional aspects are very lucidly presented. Mr. Nicolson rightly makes much of the King's wartime sanity, his refusal to catch mass-phobia of all things German; his dislike of many Service appointments and dismissals. With the policies and actions of some of the Ministers of the reign, Mr. Nicolson deals trenchantly, sometimes revealing his own strong political views. I have space only for a final comment on his well-balanced and always interesting book: He and I alike sought to catch and

paint a veracious and vivid likeness of a King and a man. While we covered much of the same ground in the archives, we went about the business along different approaches; we took down first-hand evidence from different people. Many of my witnesses are dead, many of his I did not interview. In our results, I think, it is fair to say that our portraits of George V, the man and King, emerged exactly similar, complete and definitive in all essential points of character, nature and habits. It is a remarkable proof of the openness, the simplicity, the honesty of this King who, having nothing to hide, hid nothing. It is very rarely that a public man lives with a window open to his mind. That open window has proved the "magic casement" of our Monarchy.

Plain Mister.—The Egyptian Cabinet in one fell swoop at the end of July, after Farouk's abdication, abolished all titles. Lords and knights, pashas and beys, are no longer recognised. Everybody, from the Premier downwards, is now the equivalent of plain Mister. Perhaps it is a little matter, but, if it be so, it is an astonishing simplification in Egypt. And if in Egypt, where democracy is as young as its young King, how much greater a simplification would it be in a maturer democracy which preaches but cannot practise equality, equal opportunity and a "classless Society." Quite certainly one day, and perhaps in the lifetime of middle-aged Englishmen, it will come in England, and for my part, I am sure it will have no adverse effect at all on the position of the Crown. Ever since the last decade of the Victorian reign, orders have multiplied and titles have been broadcast until the "Gilbertian situation" envisaged by "King Goodheart's" benevolence has been reached. It does not follow that a Government of the extreme left will advise the Crown to abolish titles in this country one day. The Labour Party, in bulk, are not opposed to them, even hereditary titles. On the contrary, Labour peers are often among the proudest, most delighted upholders of the traditions of the Upper House, and ambitious of promotion to higher grades. But the half-yearly divides have long since become a headache to the Premier and Advisory Committee, and the abolition of all titles would be an infinite simplification and remove a very genuine charge of hypocrisy in our democratic way of life—one of these days.

Standards of Decency.—For my part, I have never understood why it has been regarded as "not cricket" for a British newspaper to criticise another newspaper for what it fairly considers a flagrant breach of journalistic decency or integrity. If the case is reasonably proved and the motive for criticism is selfless, such criticism is surely the most efficient form of Press censorship, far more effective than any standing Committee on good taste, since it strikes when the iron is hot. The Press is the first instrument for ventilating public opinion, and should for ever be active to test it. If the response of the public to any such criticism is lukewarm, the critic newspaper may judge that the verdict of its readers goes against it and may drop its charges without humiliation, since it has done its duty, just as that duty is, and always has been, done in similar cases in the House of Commons, in the learned professions, in public and private schools. If in Fleet Street "dog must never eat dog," the profession of journalism comes to be regarded by the public as a cowardly instrument, a closed shop. But the proofs adduced must be beyond reasonable doubt, and the motives that inspire the criticism must be pure and contain no scintilla of the rivalry motive. For too many years, in my opinion, the British Press has carried on the principle of "non-intervention" in breaches of ordinary decency by individual members, until the public has begun to doubt the integrity and courage even of its most upright journals. Therefore, without pronouncing on the rights and wrongs of recent instances of this very rare intervention, which, indeed, remain *sub judice*, I record my approval of this method as by far the most effective means of self-censorship by the Press.

Sussex Cricket.—The martlets are finding their wings. *Festina lente* seems to be their new motto. Or perhaps our good wishes for their welfare during that pleasant cricket match at Arundel Castle last month inspired them to fly higher. In a few days they have risen two places in the table, brought up their victories to four, and spectacular victories at that. Miracles, in fact. And, while referring to cricket, let me couple my toast of Sussex with the name of Alec Bedser of Surrey, that patient plugger who deserved his triumph over Notts. Cricket in August is usually cricket at its best. It is then that one gets the surprises and the new recruits released from schoolmastering, or what not. I make no excuses for a paragraph on cricket in August holiday-time. It is much more agreeable copy than greasy Channel swimmers, naked beach-queens, murder, suicide and sudden death from stupidity. It is a welcome relief from Mossadek and Farouk, Korea and holiday conferences. These last, as news items, are in my opinion "not cricket" in August 1952.

THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THE INDUSTRIAL HEART OF BRITAIN

The Story of Birmingham

By ROY JENKINS, M.P.

PREPARING A PRINCESS FLYING-BOAT FOR LAUNCHING

THE SAUNDERS-ROE PRINCESS FLYING-BOAT ON THE SLIPWAY AT COWES, WHERE FINAL PREPARATIONS ARE BEING MADE FOR ITS LAUNCHING LATER THIS MONTH: On the right in this picture is the tail of a second Princess, still uncompleted. It is hoped that the first appearance in public of a Princess flying-boat will be at the Farnborough air display during the first week of September, and the technicians at Cowes are working hard to make this possible. Three of these flying-boats are being built. They will each be equipped with ten Bristol Proteus engines developing 35,000 h.p., giving a cruising speed of 380 m.p.h. The hulls are said to be the largest metal structures ever built for aircraft and technicians have calculated that their capacity equals three-and-a-half Constellation aircraft. They will be used by the R.A.F. as transports, capable of carrying 200 men non-stop for 3,500 miles.

THE OPENING OF NEW FLATS IN LEWISHAM

ONE OF THE NEW BLOCKS OF FLATS AT FOREST HILL, LEWISHAM, WHICH WERE OPENED LAST WEEK BY MR. HAROLD MACMILLAN, MINISTER OF HOUSING AND LOCAL GOVERNMENT: The Minister took the opportunity to present what he described as his "second progress report" on housing. Commenting on the official housing returns which were issued the previous day, the Minister said that in the first half of this year 110,964 houses were completed, compared with 92,086 in the same period of last year, an increase of 18,878, or 21 per cent. The total number of houses finished under the post-war programme was now 1,284,459 (1,127,313 permanent and 157,146 temporary). Permanent houses finished in June totalled 20,466, compared with 19,488 in May and 17,203 in June last year. Houses under construction were up 18 per cent. At the end of the June quarter of 1951 there were 214,099. At the end of June 1952 there were 251,705, an increase of 37,606, or 18 per cent. Finally, houses started showed an increase of 31 per cent. In 1951 there were 104,777, and in 1952, 136,986, a rise of 32,209. In Scotland two new post-war records have been set up. Permanent houses finished in the first six months of the year, at 14,220, were greater than in the first half of any year since the war, being 907 more than the 1949 record. June completions, at 3,516, were also a post-war record for one month.

THE NEWLY-DISCOVERED BRITANNIA LAKE IN QUEEN LOUISE LAND, NEAR THE EAST COAST OF GREENLAND, WHERE THE BRITISH NORTH GREENLAND EXPEDITION IS NOW ESTABLISHING ITS MAIN BASE OF OPERATIONS : The newly-discovered lake, four miles long and half as wide, is free of ice for only six weeks in the year. It is the task of five Sunderland flying-boats to move the expedition's 150 tons of stores and its twenty-five members from Young Sound to the base beside this lake. The task must be finished by the end of August, when the brief Arctic summer is over and the ice returns to Britannia Lake. One purpose of the expedition is to explore the Greenland Ice-cap, which is known in parts to be 1,000 ft. thick. The North Greenland Expedition will last in all two years.

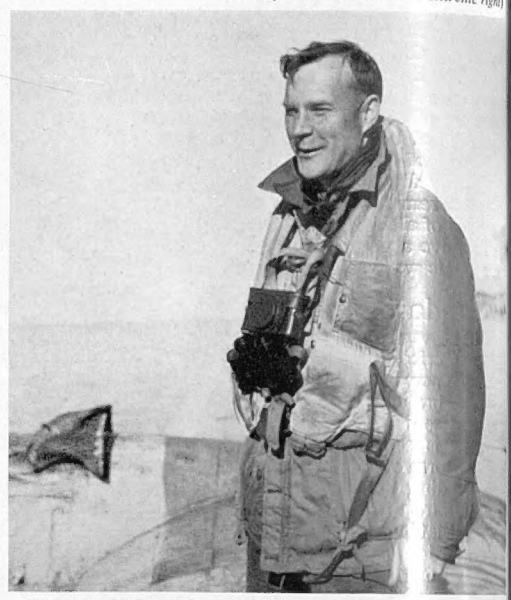
WITH THE BRITISH EXPLORERS IN NORTH GREENLAND

Preparing to Build the Expedition's Base at Newly Discovered Britannia Lake

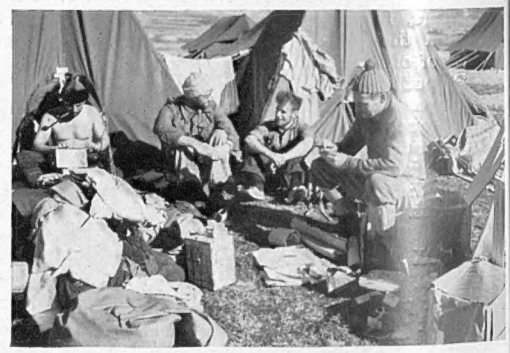
In July the British North Greenland Expedition, whose main scientific aim is to explore a mountain range in the north-east and the mighty ice-cap beyond, set out under the leadership of Commander C. J. W. Simpson, R.N., who took part in the Danish Peary Land Expedition of 1950. They left Deptford in the Norwegian sealer *Tottan*, taking their vast supplies of stores to the East Greenland coast at Young Sound.

At Young Sound the expedition has been joined by five Sunderland flying-boats from Pembroke Dock, and it is now the task of the flying-boats to move the expedition and its 150 tons of stores up to the main base at Britannia Lake. The pictures on these pages have been for the most part taken from the Sunderlands, which are now hard at work on their hazardous shuttle service. From the very outset the expedition was nearly overcome by disaster, Commander Simpson having narrowly escaped drowning in Britannia Lake when examining a damaged lifeboat which had been dropped on the

(*Continued below on extreme right*)

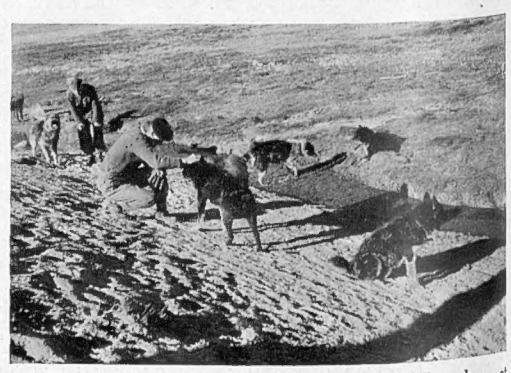


THE LEADER OF THE BRITISH NORTH G[illegible]ENLAND EXPEDITION : Commander C. J. W. Simps[illegible], who flew to Britannia Lake on the pioneer flight las[illegible]week and was subsequently flung into the ice-cold lake [illegible]en his dinghy overturned in a high wind. With him [illegible]e Lieutenant Angus Erskine and Sergeant Shelton Sm[illegible]h, an R.A.F. engineer. The three men were only res[illegible]ed with great difficulty after some very complicated surf[illegible] manœuvring in a 40-knot wind by the Sunderla[illegible] flying-boat.



MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION BASKING IN THE AUGUST SUNSHINE AT YOUNG SOUND : Dr. G. B. S. Bull, the geophysicist of the expedition, is seen stripped to the waist as he types a letter. With him are Surgeon-Lieut. J. P. Masterton, R.N.V.R., Dr. H. E. Lewis, physiologist, and Dr. Malcolm Slessor, assistant physicist. They had to wait for some time at Young Sound before the start of the air-lift to the main base at Britannia Lake. Their arrival coincided with a heat-wave.

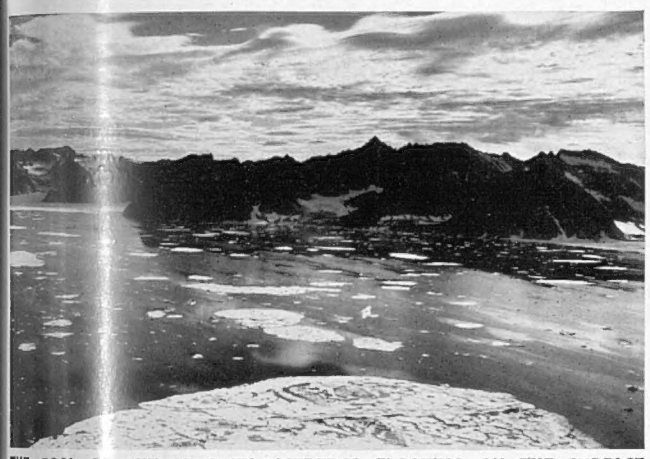
THE GLACIER AT THE END OF BRITANNIA LAKE, THE MAIN BASE OF THE NORTH GREENLAND EXPEDITION, WHICH IS BEING SUPPLIED FROM YOUNG SOUND BY AIR-LIFT : It was on August 5 that the first of the Sunderland flying-boats engaged in the air-lift made a successful descent upon the waters of the lake. It was a hazardous descent, as the lake offers only one approach through the mountains from east to west, and a narrow one at that. Squadron-Leader J. S. Higgins was the pioneer pilot. He flew in from Young Sound and touched down after two approach runs. Then, with Commander C. J. W. Simpson, the expedition leader, and two of his squadron pilots, he went ashore among the startled herds of musk oxen. The men shivered in an atmosphere chilled by the great glacier.



THE HUSKIES AWAIT THE AIR-LIFT : The dogs at Young Sound before being air-lifted to Britannia Lake.

SOME OF THE MEN CHARGED WITH THE GREENLAND AIR-LIFT: Forty aircrew and twenty servicing crew in all have been made responsible for transporting from Young Sound to Britannia Lake the 150 tons of stores of the North Greenland Expedition, also the twenty-five members of the expedition. They must complete their task by the end of August.

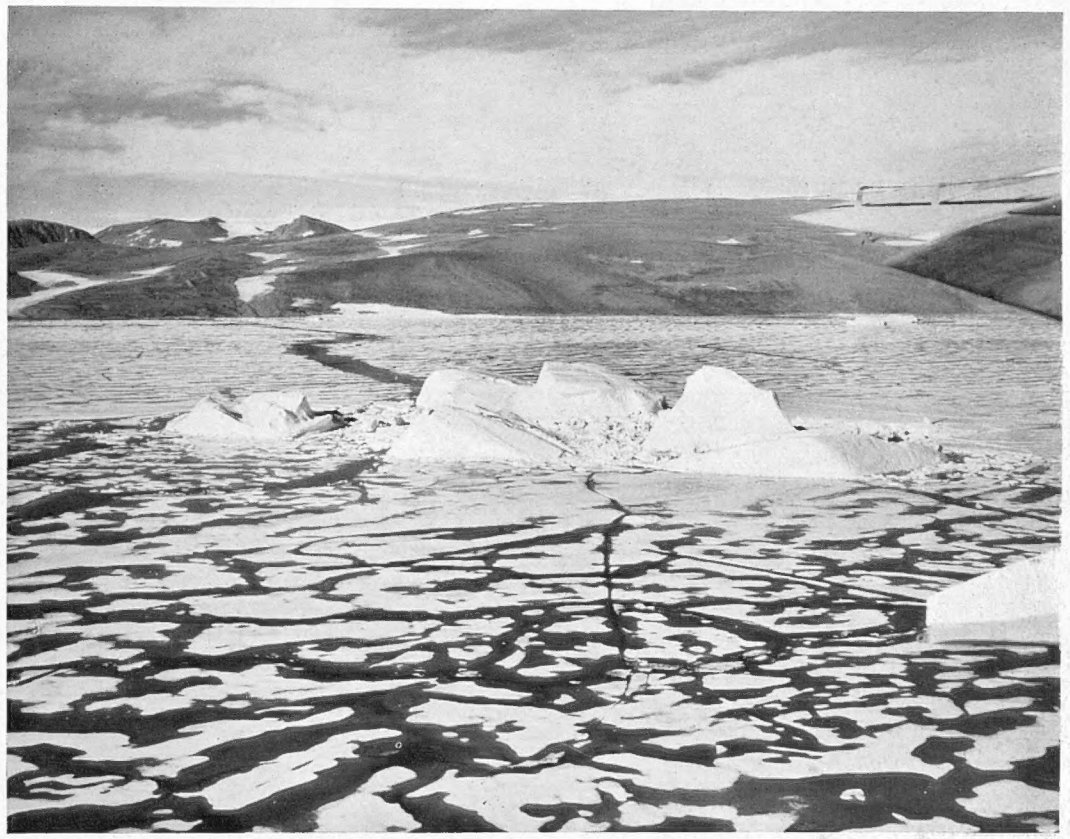
THE CAMP SITE AT YOUNG SOUND, STARTING-POINT OF THE AIR-LIFT: In the background, at anchor on the waters of the Sound, are four Sunderland flying-boats. On August 5, the day before the air-lift was due to start, fog was rolling up the sound, and danger was reported from ice-bergs which have a habit of coming up the channel on the flood tide.



THE GOAL OF THE JOURNEY—ICEBERGS FLOATING ON THE SURFACE OF BRITANNIA LAKE, WHERE THE SUNDERLAND FLYING-BOATS HAVE TO PUT DOWN WITH THE EXPEDITION'S EQUIPMENT: Sunderlands are sturdy aircraft, but at their landing speed it is essential that they have a surface free of ice if they are to come down in safety.

Below—THE STORES PILE UP AT YOUNG SOUND: Part of the pile of crates, the contents including everything from Christmas dinner to skis. The task of moving this mountain of supplies began on August 7.

LOOKING DOWN ON AN ICEBERG DURING A FLIGHT ALONG THE ROCKY COASTLINE OF EAST GREENLAND: The five Sunderlands engaged on the air-lift flew from Pembroke Dock to Young Sound. Their arrival coincided with a great heat-wave, and there was every hope that this would melt much of the surface ice. The crews of the five Sunderlands have been made comfortable in tents at Young Sound.



A BERG DRIFTS SOUTHWARDS ALONG THE GREENLAND COAST-LINE: This was another fine picture taken from one of the Sunderlands flying into Young Sound from Pembroke Dock.

(*Continued from previous page*)

surface of the lake by a Coastal Command Lancaster. Commander Simpson and his companions were rescued from the icy waters of Lake Britannia in the nick of time, and although exhausted, they soon recovered and set to work ferrying the first stores to land.

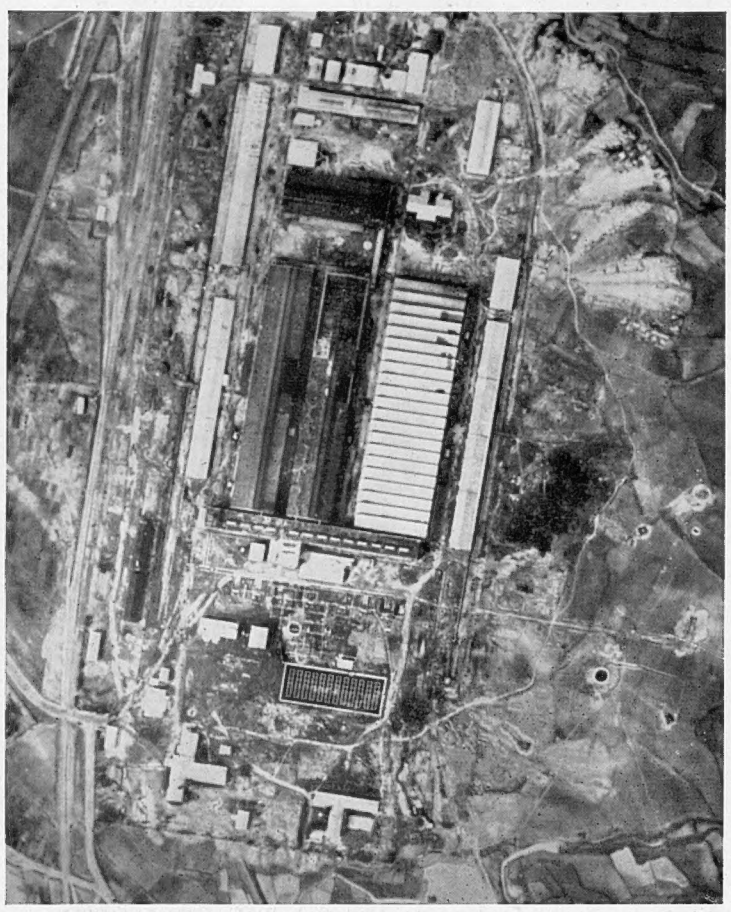
The essence of the expedition's plan in North Greenland is that as soon as the air-lift is complete and the base on Britannia Lake is established, a party consisting of six men and three dog sledges shall set off across the ice-cap. They will journey 250 miles and attempt at a given time to reach a given place (78 deg. N. 0.60 deg. W.). As soon as they are in position the R.A.F. will be informed by radio, and two Hastings aircraft will then fly from Britain to locate them, at first dropping supplies of food and later supplying a hut, radio apparatus, and other stores enabling the men to sustain life on the ice-cap at a height of 9,000 ft. for a considerable period. The stores will not all be dropped by parachute, a free dropping technique being contemplated in part to save expense and in part to gain further knowledge of this technique which the French have used with some success in polar exploration.

Other members of the expedition who will be exploring the ice-cap will have Weasels—tracked snow vehicles of excellent performance—and it will be instructive to see how well these operate compared with the dog teams.

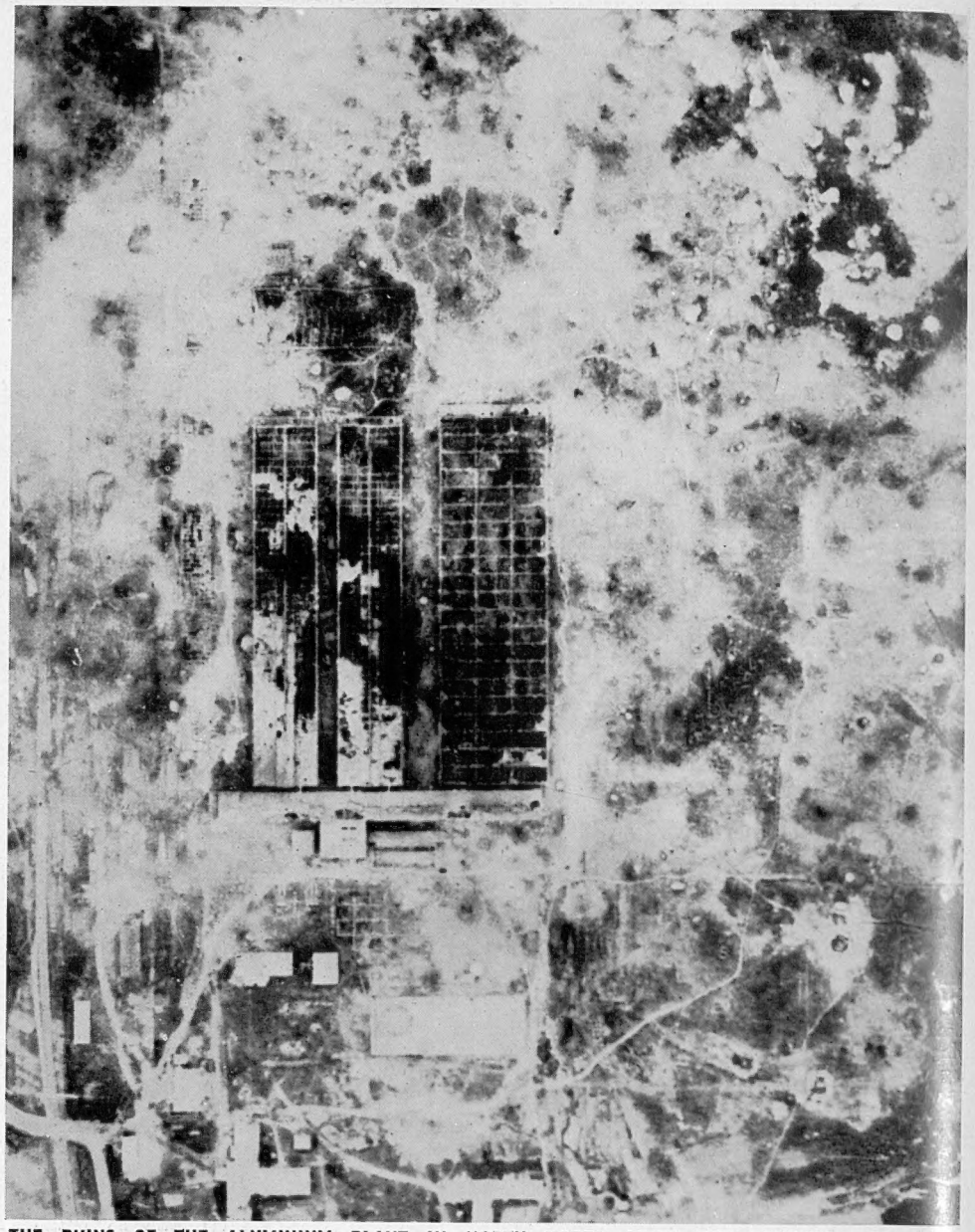
Meanwhile, everything at the moment is concentrated on the air-lift from Young Sound to Britannia Lake. On the success of that initial task all depends, and, needless to say, everyone is prepared to work day and night to see it through to a happy conclusion. Even so, much depends also on the surface of the lake remaining ice-free, and on the absence of icebergs in Young Sound. These bergs have a habit of drifting in with the tide and of descending at alarming speed upon the flying-boat moorings. Sometimes very swift manœuvring is essential, for in these encounters, if they should take place, the bergs would be certain winners.

THE AIR WAR IN KOREA

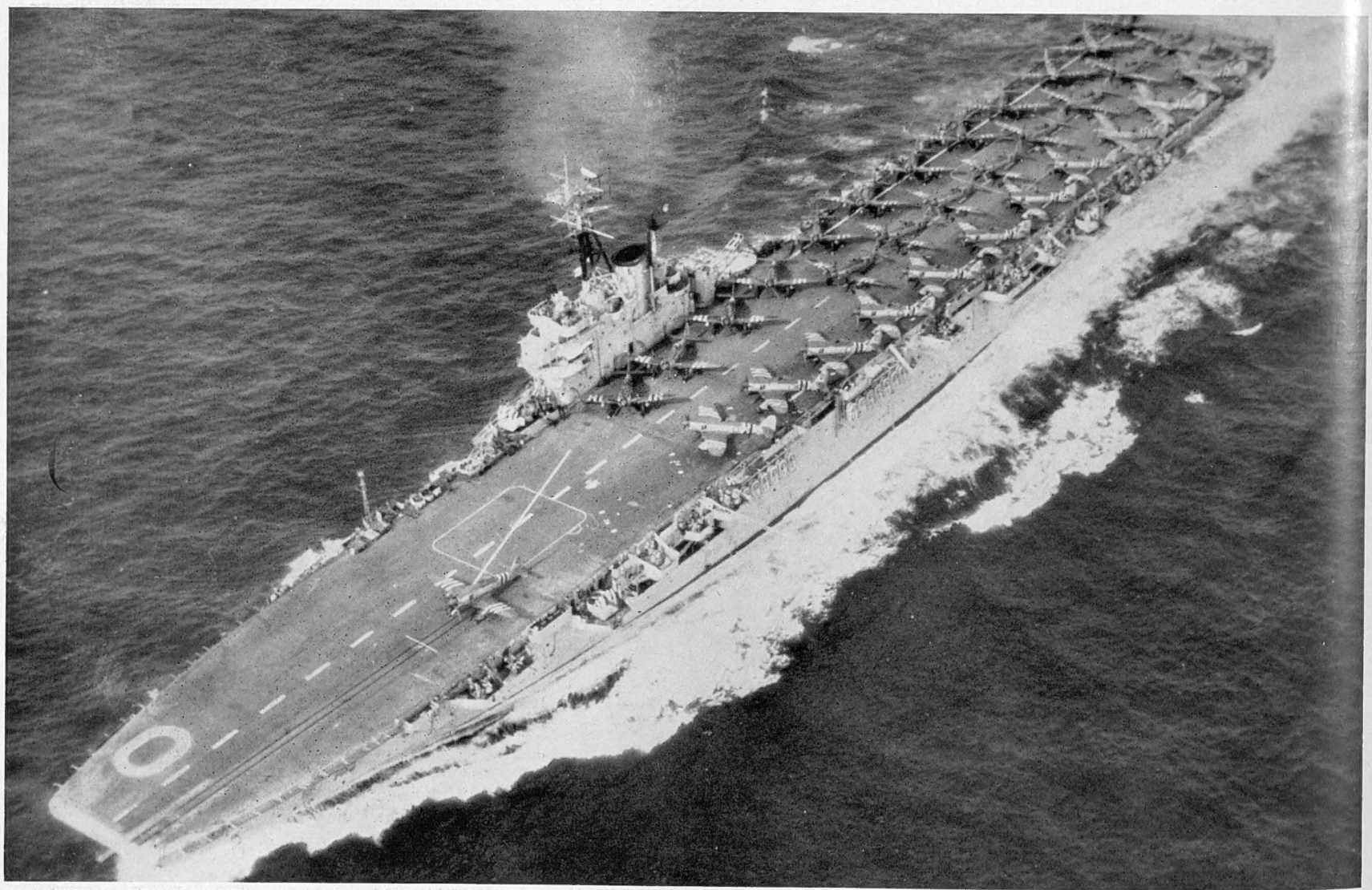
A North Korean Aluminium Works Obliterated by Bombs; Enemy Jet-fighters Outfought by British Carrier-based Planes



THE ORIENTAL LIGHT METAL COMPANY'S ALUMINIUM PLANT IN NORTH KOREA BEFORE THE HEAVY AMERICAN AIR ATTACK: The picture *on the right*, taken after the raid, shows the plant and the surrounding area devastated by the bombing. The aluminium plant is situated only four miles from the Manchurian border and was bombed by sixty-three American B 29 aircraft in the heaviest night attack on a single target since the Korean War began. This was one of several heavy bombing raids representing a new United Nations effort to apply military pressure against the Communists.



THE RUINS OF THE ALUMINIUM PLANT IN NORTH KOREA AFTER THE BOMBING: The three main buildings, seen in the picture *on the left* as they were before the attack, were badly damaged; long rows of warehouses beside them have disappeared completely.

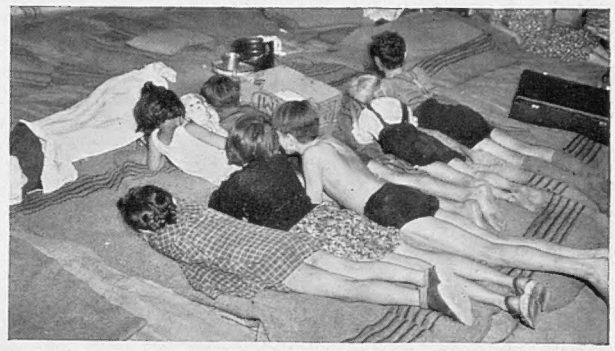


THE BRITISH AIRCRAFT-CARRIER H.M.S. "OCEAN," WHOSE SEA FURY AIRCRAFT OUTFOUGHT ENEMY MIG FIGHTERS IN ENGAGEMENTS OFF THE KOREAN COAST: The picture shows H.M.S. *Ocean* steaming at speed with one of her aircraft on the foredeck about to be catapulted. The comparatively slow, propeller-driven Sea Furies shot down their first MIG jet-fighter and damaged three others during an engagement in the Chinnampo area, on the Yellow Sea. Two Sea Furies were damaged, but the pilots of both survived without injury. Later, eight MIGs. attacked four Furies and four Fireflies in the same area, damaging three Fireflies. In both cases the enemy broke off the engagement and returned to their bases north of the Yalu. The British achievement is regarded as one of the most humiliating defeats the Communists have suffered during the war in Korea.

EVENTS IN BERLIN

An Unprecedented Spate of Refugees from Eastern Germany; the British Check on Russian Vehicles at the Communist Wireless Station

EAST ZONE REFUGEES OF ALL AGES BOARDING AN AIRCRAFT AT TEMPELHOF AIRPORT: Because West Berlin authorities are unable to deal with the great rush of refugees from the Eastern Zone of Germany, new plans have been evolved to transport the displaced persons to other parts of Western Germany. Air transport is used, as it would not be safe for the fugitives to travel by land routes through the Soviet Zone of Germany.



YOUNG FUGITIVES RESTING IN EMERGENCY QUARTERS: The human flood from the East has overwhelmed reception authorities in West Berlin. Many refugees had been frightened by rumours that the Soviet authorities were about to impose travel restrictions, while others feared induction into the Labour Corps or the People's Police, which is being rapidly expanded.

REFUGEES FROM EAST GERMANY CROWDING INTO A REFUGEE REGISTRATION OFFICE IN WESTERN BERLIN: Scenes such as this one are now a common sight in Berlin, where refugees have been crossing into the western sectors of the city, sometimes at the rate of 1,000 per day. The reasons for their coming were varied, but nearly all of them had been inspired by a rumour that West Berlin, or all Berlin, was to be barred to casual East German travellers. Last week it was estimated that the total number of refugees in Berlin was 200,000, which is probably the largest influx of refugees that any city has been called upon to absorb in peace-time. Housing these refugees presents many knotty problems. It is not sufficient that new camps be found locally; the suggestion put forward is that they should be flown to other parts of West Germany and be questioned and documented there, as the registration offices in Berlin cannot possibly cope with such a tremendous number.

A FACTORY HALL IN WEST BERLIN—ONE OF THE MANY EMERGENCY QUARTERS BEING USED TO ABSORB THE SUDDEN INFLUX OF REFUGEES FROM THE EAST: This hall has no cupboards, and clothes and other belongings are draped around the walls or thrown on the floor. There is no furniture, and the sanitary installations are insufficient.

THE "HAUS DES RUNDFUNKS" IS IN THE NEWS AGAIN: Two British soldiers, one of them a Military policeman, are seen talking to a Russian sentry outside the Communist wireless building in the British Sector of Berlin. When the Russian authorities blockaded Allied patrol vehicles on the Berlin Autobahn, at the end of May this year, the Allied High Commissioners protested by "laying siege" to the Radio Station. They prevented people from entering the building and invited those inside to leave. The "siege" was lifted after some days, but the British authorities have now erected a barrier, and Military policemen stop any Russian vehicle entering the wireless station and ask the driver for an assurance that the lorry carries only Russian personnel. It is feared that the wireless station may be used as a base for kidnappers, who have undoubtedly spirited across to the Eastern Sector many Berliners in whom they had a sinister interest. It has been suggested that if the building is ever evacuated by its present occupants, it might be used as a shelter for the refugees who continue to arrive in Berlin in unprecedented numbers.

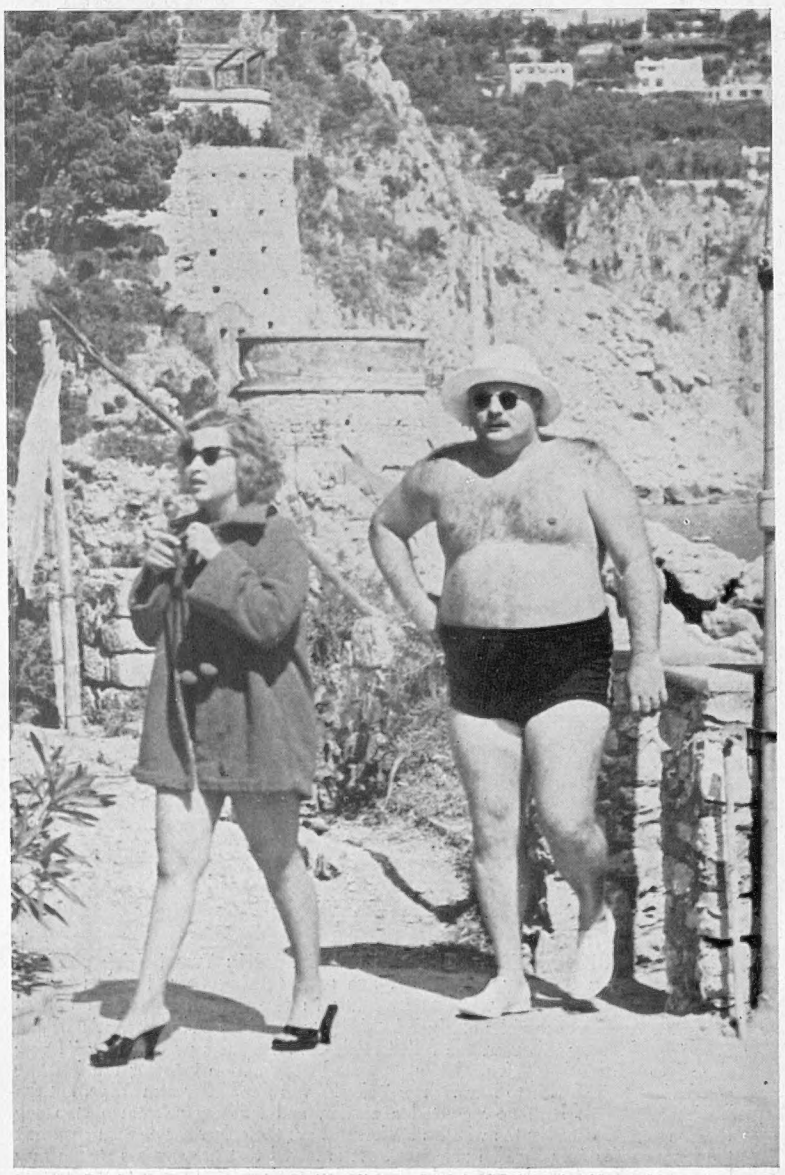
NEGUIB PLANS, AND FAROUK BASKS IN THE SUN

The Aftermath of the Great Change-over in Egypt; The Dictator General Receives Visitors at Abbassia; The Ex-King on Capri

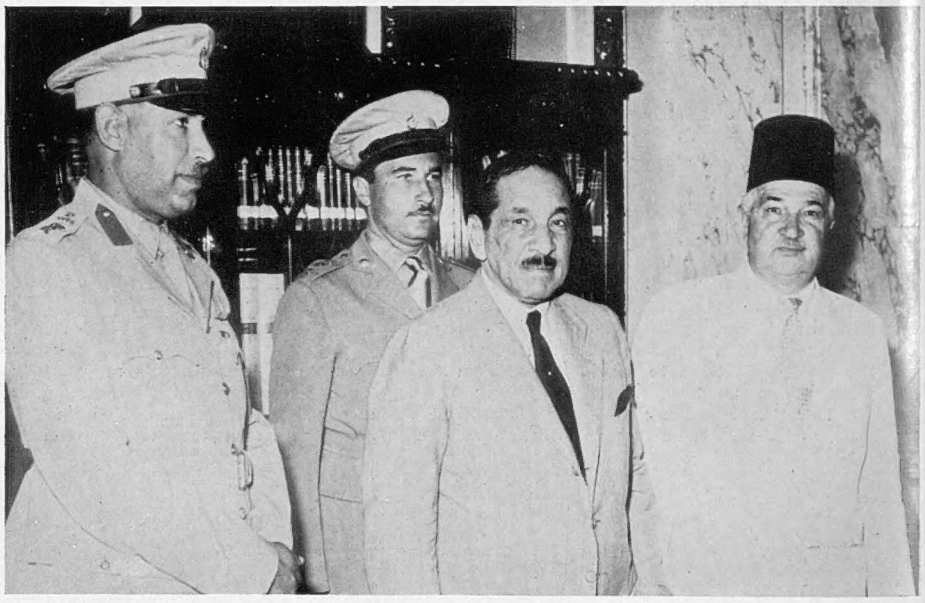
OLD AND NEW C.-IN-C'S MEET AT GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, CAIRO: General Mohamed Neguib (right) shaking hands with General Mohamed Haidar, his predecessor in office, when the two met recently in Cairo. The promotion of General Mohamed Haidar by King Farouk was one of the circumstances which gave deepest offence to the younger officers of the Egyptian Army, who banded themselves together in what they called the Free Officers Club and were pledged to fight for Army reform.

ANOTHER SIGNIFICANT MEETING IN CAIRO: General Mohamed Neguib, Egypt's new dictator, in conversation with Madame Doria Shafik, leader of the feminist movement, the Bent el Nil. The General told his visitor that he would welcome women in the Egyptian services, and he was in favour of an amendment of the military law to make this possible. General Neguib said that women should work in Army offices, should serve as drivers, and take on operational duties in Egypt's anti-aircraft batteries.

"Egypt has been subjected to bribery, corruption and instability in government. All this has had a grave effect on the Army. For this reason we are cleansing ourselves." With these words General Mohamed Neguib told the people of Egypt about the revolution he had been instrumental in bringing about, and once the King had gone he set down at once to work out a formula for the future, indicating at the same time that his future would not be political, although he was determined to root out the evils of the past. Among General Neguib's visitors in the first days of power was his predecessor as Commander-in-Chief of the Egyptian Army, the friend of ex-King Farouk, General Mohamed Haidar. As the picture on this page shows, the greetings between them seemed cordial enough, but to most Egyptians there was deep underlying significance in this meeting of the leader of an army soon to be reformed and the leader of an army that had been ruined and betrayed by corruption—corruption which had actually had its roots among men intimate with the Palace circle. Last week General Neguib was still hard at work on his reforms, working day and night at his headquarters at Abbassia, and he was at pains to let it be known that he belonged to no party or group.

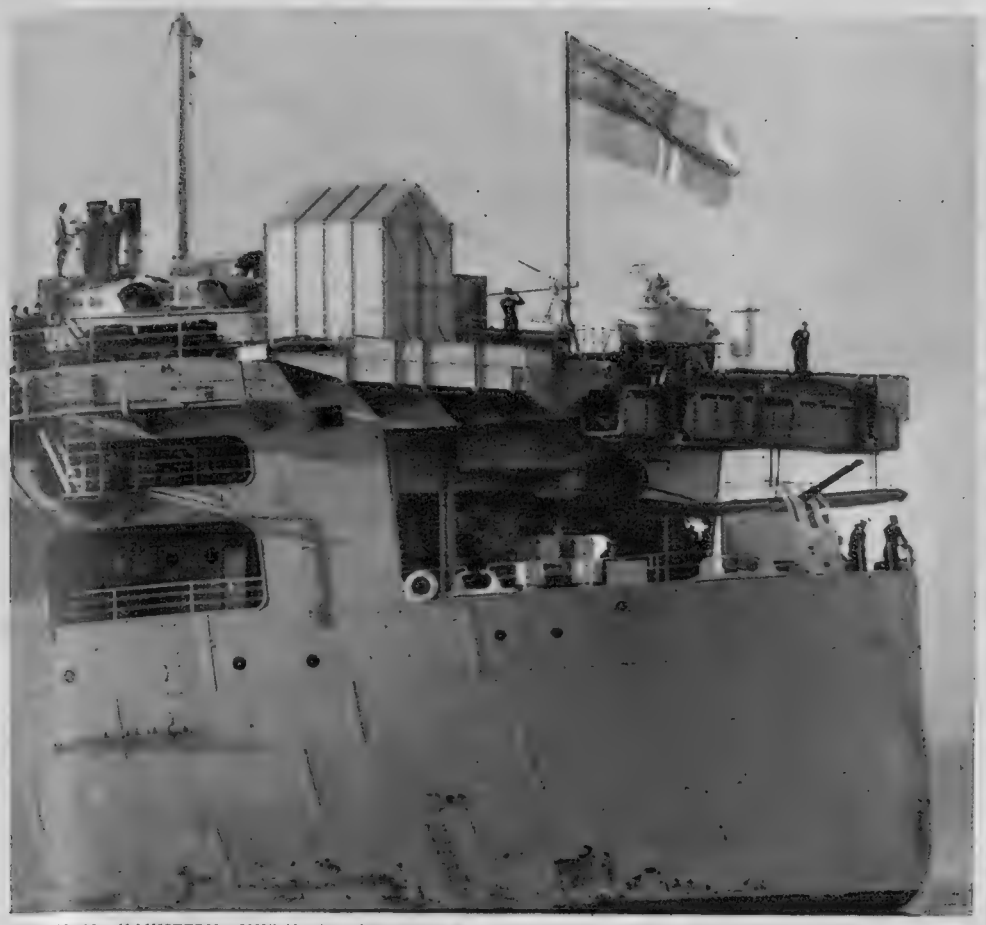


THE EX-KING AND QUEEN NARRIMAN ON HOLIDAY IN CAPRI: Farouk and Narriman in bathing attire as they walked up from the sea to Gracie Fields' restaurant and villa, where they have been spending much time.



AT THE HEAD OF POLITICAL AFFAIRS UNDER THE NEGUIB DICTATORSHIP: The Egyptian Premier Aly Maher (centre), with Colonel Rachad Mehanna, a member of Egypt's Provisional Council of Regency, during a meeting at the Premier's office in Cairo.

A KEY FIGURE IN THE NEW REGIME IN EGYPT: Prince Abdul Moneim (left), at Orly Airport, Paris, before being flown back to Egypt in order to be sworn in at the palace as a member of Egypt's three-man Regency Council. With him in this picture are (second from left) Princess Nassir, wife of the Jordanian Minister in Paris, Princess Naslchah (wife of Prince Moneim), and Mahmoud Fakri, former Egyptian Ambassador in Paris.



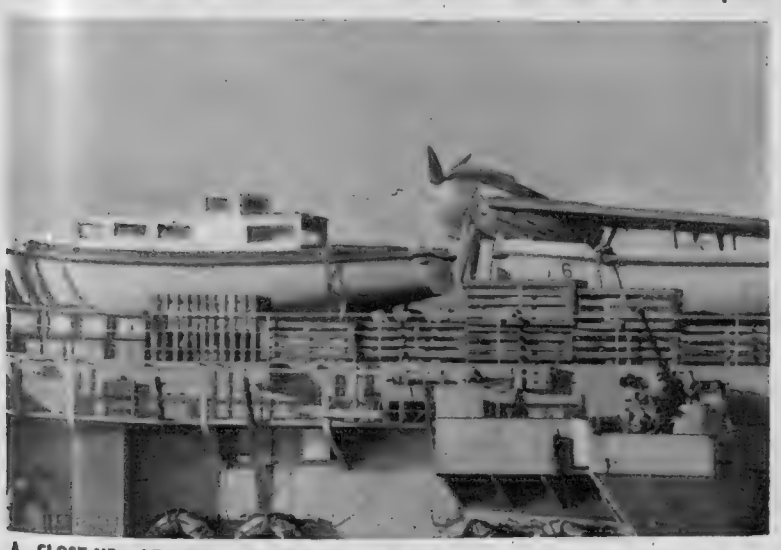
BRITAIN'S "MYSTERY SHIP" AT FREMANTLE: Australians who saw H.M.S. *Campania* enter Fremantle Harbour from England, wondered what was in the small shed, which is seen in this picture secured to the ship's after flight deck, just before the Ensign. In Fremantle Harbour the *Campania* was kept under strict port security guard.

AN AERIAL VIEW OF H.M.S. "CAMPANIA" MOVING INTO FREMANTLE HARBOUR AT THE END OF HER VOYAGE FROM BRITAIN: She was carrying equipment and scientific staff for Britain's atomic-bomb trials, which are to take place on the Monte Bello Islands, off the north-west coast of Australia. The three fighting Services and the Ministry of Supply are concerned in this operation, which is under the command of Rear-Admiral A. D. Torlesse, D.S.O. The atomic tests are to take place under the scientific direction of Dr. W. G. Penney, O.B.E., F.R.S., of the Ministry of Supply. H.M.S. Campania, which was used as a travelling exhibition during the Festival of Britain, is flagship of a fleet of warships taking part in the operation. Units of the Royal Australian Navy and Air Force are co-operating.

HELICOPTERS, AMPHIBIOUS AIRCRAFT AND MOTOR-LAUNCHES ON THE DECK OF H.M.S. "CAMPANIA" AS SHE ENTERED FREMANTLE HARBOUR: With the *Campania* came the frigate H.M.S. *Plym*, completing the squadron bound for the Monte Bello Islands, where the atomic tests are to take place.

BRITAIN'S ATOM SHIP REACHES AUSTRALIA

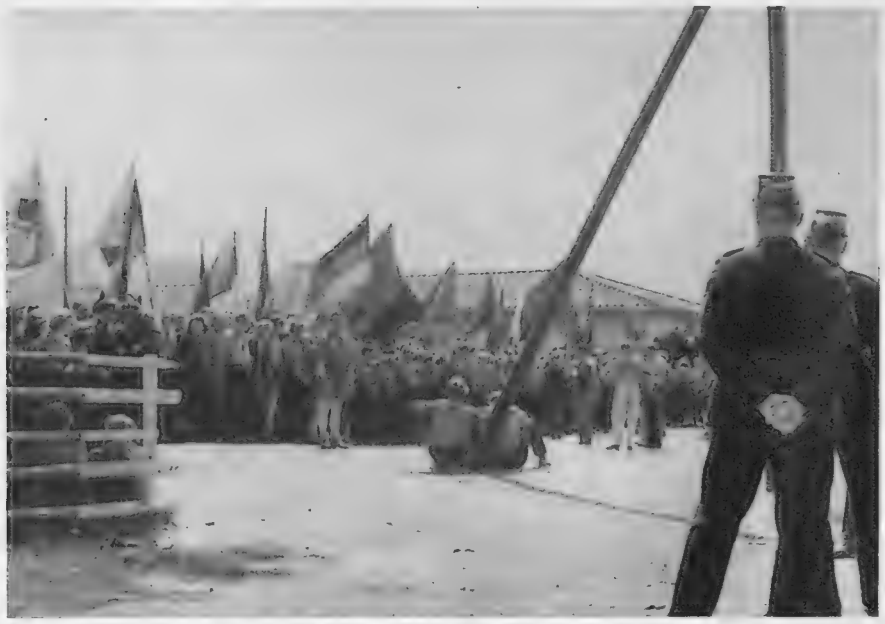
The Escort Carrier "Campania" at Fremantle



A CLOSE-UP OF THE EQUIPMENT CROWDING THE "CAMPANIA'S" FLIGHT-DECK: Although the vessel has large storage spaces in her hangar and elsewhere, she carried a great deal of equipment on deck. This picture shows one of the amphibious aircraft, a motor-launch and a line of crates.

THE "CAMPANIA" STEAMING TOWARDS FREMANTLE ON THE LAST STAGE OF HER LONG JOURNEY FROM BRITAIN: A telescopic lens accounts for the distortion of this picture. H.M.S. *Campania* is flagship of a squadron under the command of Rear-Admiral Torlesse.

A MEMORY OF 1950—WEST GERMAN POLICE BAR THE WAY AT HERRENBURG, NORTHERNMOST CROSSING-POINT ON THE BORDER BETWEEN THE BRITISH AND RUSSIAN ZONES OF GERMANY: *Left*—The police road-block set up against youths who were returning to the West from the Communist Whitsuntide rally in East Berlin. This frontier incident involved 10,000 youths, but it was later explained away by the Minister of the Interior for Schleswig-Holstein, who said that he halted the youths and ordered them to submit to a medical examination in order to prevent typhoid carriers crossing the boundary. *Right*—Some of the West German police who barred the way.



IN SHIRTS OF CORNFLOWER BLUE AND CARRYING THEIR BANNERS: Youths halted at the road-block during the incident in May 1950 at Herrenburg. About 1,000 of them submitted to a brief medical examination and were allowed to pass on their way into West Germany, but as thousands more were halted at Herrenburg, resentment grew and at one time over 10,000 youths were defying the police.

ON THE SAME FRONTIER TO-DAY: Villagers engaged in tree-felling operations at Palingen, near Lubeck. They are forced to work under the supervision of the East German Police in constructing the no-man's-land which forms part of the Stalin plan for sealing off East and West Germany. The secret crossing of this frontier region is now a matter of great difficulty, in places, indeed, an impossibility.

STALIN'S WEST WALL AND ITS PURPOSES

Undeterred by the Failure of Other Wall-builders in Recent Times the Soviet Leader Goes Ahead with his Own Version, Stretching from Bavaria to the Baltic

By FERDINAND TUOHY

GREAT systems of coastal and inland defences executed with all the ingenuity and power made possible by scientific invention proved surprisingly inadequate when put to the test of "the real thing."

The Maginot Line, a chain of forts linked together deep underground, ran from Southern Alsace to Luxembourg. Built in leisurely style and at great cost, it was to be France's sure bulwark against a third German invasion. The Germans swept round its northern corner and raced down *behind it* to Dijon.

The original Siegfried Line was a German retort to the Maginot, but made as if the Nazis were not convinced they needed it. Building had to be hastily and heavily resumed in 1944. Yet the only part where the Allies were subsequently held up for any length of time and sacrifice was in the region before Cologne.

In the meantime, Hitler had done something more spectacular by constructing the "West Wall" or "Atlantic Wall." This followed the coast from Norway to Spain, now hunched round a port or weak point, now running consecutively for many miles, defending a likely stretch for invasion. Put to the test, it defended nothing.

Undeterred by the poor showing of latter-day "walls," the Russians are now building their version of one. It is taking shape in two distinct portions: from the annexed Baltic port of Pillau to the vicinity of Lubeck, and from Lubeck, along the British and American Zone borders to Hof, in Bavaria, where Czechoslovakia joins both halves of Germany (East and West). About 500 miles the sea-girt portion, and 600 miles the inland section; 1,100 miles in all.

The Russians stop at nothing to envelop their Baltic activities in secrecy. This accounts for such things as the seizure of fishing-boats which venture inside a Soviet-determined territorial limit of 12 miles off the eastern Baltic shore, and for barbarous measures resorted to by Soviet fighters when foreign commercial aircraft stray slightly over Russian-held land or water—and even when they do not!

The "Marshal Stalin Wall" along the Polish and North German coasts merges in the general Russian plan for the Baltic, where the objective is to control the strategic northern flank of Europe—Sweden, Norway Finland and Denmark.

Over the Swedish-Finnish Aland Isles hangs the menace contained in the Russian assertion that the international pacts protecting the group are "obsolete." Finland has lost its port of Porkalla, outside Helsinki, ceded to the U.S.S.R. Both Sweden and Finland see themselves aimed at from the Estonian islands of Dagoe and Oesel, lying off the Gulf of Riga.

The islands have a dual mission: to defend the outer approaches to Leningrad and to serve as offensive bases. Finland is hardly 100 miles away, Sweden not much more than 200 miles distant. Oesel is said to be a guided-missile centre.

The seized Baltic Republics of Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania now have coastlines dotted with military works, in which submarine pens are prominent. The main submarine base is given as Paldiski, south of Tallinn, which is the naval repair depot. The "wall" now being built is an extension and completion of all this strength in the Eastern Baltic and Gulf of Finland.

It starts at Pillau, which along with former Koenigsberg, lying just up-country, are important harbours for the Soviet Navy. (The "wall" must be viewed in conjunction with the sea and air forces protecting it, as well as their own ports and airfields.) The "wall" soon strikes the Polish coast, and on its way westward is woven into the fortifications of (former) Danzig and Gdynia, each of which is reserved to Polish naval forces. It doesn't reach to-day's Germany until Swinemuende, which is, however, to be the central port of the "Marshal Stalin Wall." It used to be the big Nazi submarine base and will now serve as a Soviet one. Near-by Peenemuende is to return to rocket production, while Rostock and Warnemuende are building both for the Red Navy and for the East German sea police, inseparable from the former.

At Rostock is the 1st Minesweeping Flotilla of the former German Navy, now extended to twenty-four fine vessels. East German yards are busy turning out new craft which may be launched as trawlers and tugs, but are easily convertible for offence. In fact, the Americans at Bremerhaven have been moved to organise a small naval force to watch the East German "People's Government Navy."

The "wall" continues by taking in Stralsund, the island of Ruegen (with Sassnitz), Wismar, and so to Lubeck. Upwards of 60,000 German and Polish workers are said to be at work on the whole system, whose main features are given as heavy bunkers, artillery emplacements and airstrips, all operative underground.

The 600 miles from Lubeck to Hof, along the line separating the British and American Zones from the Russian Zone, but faintly conjure a "wall" at this stage. Rather is it a case of a gash in the earth and a forbidden area. But authoritative Germans are convinced that only time stands between present beginnings and fortifications. Watch towers, barbed wire and minefields are expected first. Meanwhile, the Russians, aided by the blue-uniformed Vopo (East German Police), are bestowing preliminary signs of a long-term frontier, to be powerfully held.

THE WEST GERMAN FRONTIER POLICE FORCE IN ACTION : Bringing in "border smugglers" at the end of a series of manœuvres along the frontier. The border police are very well equipped. Many are drawn from the former Wehrmacht.

AN ARMOURED CAR USED IN FRONTIER PATROL : Members of the West German Frontier Police examining a newly-issued vehicle. There is a machine-gun in the turret and there are powerful headlamps for lighting up the patrol area.

SOME KEY-POINTS ON STALIN'S WEST WALL : The "Marshal Stalin Wall" runs along the Polish and West German coasts. Swinemuende is the central port along the wall, and it now serves as an important Soviet submarine base The wall ends at Lubeck, but the line running from Lubeck to Hof, dividing the Soviet Zone of Germany from the Western Allied Zones, is also beginning to assume the character of a defensive wall with its no-man's-land and its forbidden zones.

REFUGEES CONTINUE TO INFILTRATE INTO WEST BERLIN FROM THE SOVIET ZONES : *Left*—New arrivals in West Berlin queueing up on the Kuno-Fischer-Strasse in order to register. During July over 13,000 refugees poured across the border and great difficulty was experienced in accommodating them. *Right*—Young refugees accommodated by the Berlin Red Cross. The young men fled to West Germany in order to escape being drafted into the Communist Labour Service now operating in East Germany.

If so, this will mean an eventual "wall" running for 300 miles from Luneberg Heath in the north to the Harz Mountains in the south. This is the line of the British-Soviet zonal frontier, and at this early stage the Russians have caused a "death-strip" to be dug all along it, varying from 10 to 20 yards in width, and supported by a three-mile martial law belt directly in the rear. People's Police shoot at sight if anyone unauthorised is spotted in either.

It is the same along the Soviet frontier with the U.S. Zone, except that an intermediary stretch, 500 yards wide, has been inserted between the "death-strip" and the three-mile belt behind. From this 500 yards there has been almost complete evacuation.

In sum, one side of the whole border zone has been converted into a sealed corridor, presided over by the blue-coated Vopo, while the green-uniformed B.G.P. (German "Federal Armed Police") watch the proceedings from the western fringe of the frontier. The principal effect has been to reduce heavily the number of Germans escaping from the Soviet Zone, and to cut down radically the passage on permits of workers and others from one side of the zonal border to the other.

No one imagines this is all the Russians have in mind in building their "wall." Computing the uses to which they may put it is, indeed, as intriguing an exercise as any set by the Russians since they first started to mystify by abruptly terminating fraternisation at Torgau, on the Elbe, in the glad days of armistice.

Perhaps as good a way to go about things, as any, is to ask oneself—why did Stalin ring down the "Iron Curtain" in the first instance? I can think of five purposes that he must have had in mind :

To prevent the Red Army from seeing what the West had to show and what were its true feelings ; to bar the West from contact with the satellite States coveted by the Soviet Union ; to provide a giant, cut-off platform from which to conduct the world-wide ideological war ; to prevent us from knowing what went on in Russia and what preparations were being made there ; to bring about the Sovietising of the young generation of non-Russians (particularly in East Germany), which might be rendered impossible if westerners were suffered to commingle.

Reviewing these, it must be conceded that Stalin has notched far more success than failure, with his "Iron Curtain." Why, then, should he seek to intensify this ?

The obvious motive, when a State "scorches" a no-man's-land, is to repel or to launch an attack. In present circumstances, however, this cannot seriously be advanced in explanation. True, the Baltic "Wall" savours of a fear lest the West might be led to strike on the flank of, and behind the Russian forces in Germany. Yet even here Stalin's building cannot be viewed exclusively as a preparation for warring.

For it serves to encase the 18,000,000 East Germans, and that, in the belief of Bonn, is the immediate aim of the Russians as they build their "wall" and their "sealed corridor." A still sterner segregation of the East Germans, facilitating the recruiting and training of an East German Army of 350,000 men, is Russia's answer to the West German State, to the end of occupation and to the inclusion of twelve German divisions in a European Army.

Secondly, disquiet and want in the satellite lands call for the drawing of a stricter cordon sanitaire between them and the West, than was heretofore necessary.

Thirdly, the reinforced divide between the Soviet Zone and the West will favour any renewal of the Berlin blockade—with Berlin 120 miles on the wrong side of a border likely soon to be fortified. East Germany being economically and logistically independent of the West, there will be no cause to end the blockade under threat of "no exports from the Ruhr," as occurred in 1949.

And fourthly, "Stalin's West Wall" may also have been conceived as in the nature of digging in for a longer cold war, as a means of continuing to reap rewards won earlier by the "Iron Curtain," plus some new ones.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

A Pictorial Survey of the Foreign News

ARGENTINA MOURNS FOR EVA PERON—FLOWERS BLANKET THE AREA IN FRONT OF THE GENERAL CONFEDERATION OF LABOUR BUILDING IN BUENOS AIRES : Eva Peron's body lay in state within the building, and mourners came in their thousands to pay tribute. It was decided that from August 10 the body of Eva Peron would be withdrawn from public view for a year, so that the embalming process could take place.

Buenos Aires has been a city in the deepest mourning, and those in the western world who did not before realise the influence of Eva Peron in her own country must now be sure in their own minds of the remarkable hold she obtained upon popular affection. It is hard, indeed, to believe that her lying-in-state should have evoked such spontaneous outbursts of popular grief that 5,000 people should be injured in the rush to see her remains, but those are the figures that have been quoted repeatedly, and pictures from Buenos Aires bear witness to conditions in the city in the days after Senora Peron's passing. It has now been announced that Eva Peron's body is to be embalmed in such a manner as to secure corporeal permanence, and in a year's time, after the work is complete, it will again be placed on public view. The Union of Food Industry Workers has sent a cable to the Pope requesting him to start beatification and canonisation proceedings for Eva Peron, while the Argentine Minister of Health has ordered a 200-lb. candle to be burned at stated times in her memory. The candle is to be carved with her image and is intended to last a hundred years. It will burn for one hour on the twenty-sixth of each month and will be extinguished at 8.20 p.m.—the time Eva Peron died.

A TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION PASSING THE PORTRAIT OF EVA PERON IN MAY SQUARE, BUENOS AIRES : At exactly 8.20 p.m., the hour of the day at which Senora Peron died, the torches were simultaneously extinguished. The procession took place two days after Eva Peron's death, which plunged all Argentina into the deepest mourning.

ONCE AGAIN THE FLYING SAUCERS CONTROVERSY RAGES IN THE UNITED STATES : It was this photograph, taken at 9.35 a.m. at the U.S. Coast Guard Air Station at Salem, Massachusetts, which brought the subject again on to the front pages of American newspapers. The picture shows four large light spots, in a sort of "V" formation in a clear sky, and the photographer, Shell R. Alpert, declared that it was a "quick flash" in the sky, and could not have been reflections from passing cars or from the ocean. The U.S. Air Force has been inundated of late with reports of flying saucers from all over the United States —a revival of interest attributed in part to articles which have appeared in two picture magazines of large circulation. U.S. Air Force officials at length called a Press Conference at the Pentagon, and insisted that the things people thought they saw whizzing through the air were neither space ships from Mars nor secret Soviet weapons. They maintain that at least 80 per cent. of the saucer stories are hoaxes, or mistaken identification of ordinary objects in the upper air—meteors, planets, swiftly-moving clouds, weather balloons, high-flying jets, or even birds or bits of paper carried aloft. There is, however, a residue of cases which none of the above explanations seem to fit, and to explain these the U.S. Air Force advances the mirage theory propounded by Dr. D. H. Menzel.

PRINCE FAROUK FUAD AND HIS FAMILY GATHER AT THE EDEN PARADISO HOTEL, ANACAPRI, FOR THE ABDICATION PRESS CONFERENCE : The ex-King is seen with his wife Queen Narriman, his son, the new King Ahmed Fuad II, and his three daughters by his previous marriage. The ex-King opened his speech in English, continued in French, then briefly in Italian, and ended in English. "I regret I cannot reply freely to questions," he said. "I am no longer a king, but I still have two serious responsibilities. The first is towards the Italian Government, which is very courteous to me, and while I am the guest of Italy I wish to avoid saying anything which may embarrass it. Moreover, although I am no longer a king, there is here with me the King of Egypt. He, as you know, is only six months old, but I must be careful not to say anything which may cause him difficulties in future. He will already have enough difficulties of his own, because being a king is not so easy as some may think. I can say that I most sincerely wish good luck to those who have taken in hand and on their conscience the task of governing Egypt. I wish them all good luck, because they need it. I hope they will not think that to govern a country in these difficult days of world crisis is so easy a task as, perhaps, those who are new to power may believe. I love my country and wish it every possible good. When I became King sixteen years ago, I was full of hopes as to what I might be able to do to improve its position among the other nations of the world, and my love for Egypt remains no less to-day."

On right—

THE SHAH'S SISTER IN PARIS : Princess Ashraf, the Shah of Persia's twin sister, seen with her brother Prince Gholam Reza at Orly Airport, Paris, on her arrival in the city on what was described as a private visit. There have been strong rumours that the Princess has been expelled from Persia, but she herself has made it plain that she will be returning in due course. On the other hand, it is known that the Princess took seventy trunks and cases with her from Teheran, and that these were inspected minutely by Teheran Customs officials, an unprecedented step in the history of the Persian Court. Both Princess Ashraf and her husband have been strongly criticised by Dr. Mossadek's supporters, and it has often been alleged that the Princess is a power behind the throne, exerting a notably strong influence upon the Shah and his advisers.

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THE DANISH ROYAL VISITORS IN GREENLAND

KING FREDERIK AND QUEEN INGRID TOUR THE COAST IN THE ROYAL YACHT "DANNEBROG"

THE KING AND QUEEN OF DENMARK GO ASHORE AT UMANAK, THE MOST NORTHERLY POINT ON THEIR TOUR OF THE GREENLAND COAST, THE QUEEN WEARING GREENLANDIC NATIONAL COSTUME : King Frederik and Queen Ingrid were greeted with immense enthusiasm as they landed from the *Dannebrog*, Her Majesty a resplendent figure in a blue-and-white bead collar, seal-skin trousers and bright red embroidered boots.

On July 13 the King and Queen of Denmark arrived at Godthaab, South-West Greenland, at the start of what has proved to be an immensely successful tour, which has taken them to some of the more primitive towns and settlements. Astonishingly enough, at Umanak, a town of only 500 inhabitants, the King and Queen visited a school where there was in progress an exhibition of prints and paintings from Hieronymus Bosch to William Blake, arranged by Sir Philip Hendy, of the National Gallery. This exhibition had already been seen in other settlements, and is apparently most popular with the Greenlanders.

At several points on the tour Queen Ingrid went ashore in Greenlandic costume, which naturally aroused much enthusiasm. At Egedesmiude, King Frederik's barge was surrounded by kayaks manned by Greenlanders.

THE YACHT "DANNEBROG" IN THE BAY OF UMANAK : The vessel, dressed overall, at anchor in the fjord after King Frederik and Queen Ingrid had gone ashore. The Royal yacht, though not designed for Arctic travel, proved most satisfactory on this coastal tour, but considerable care was taken to avoid pack-ice.

QUEEN INGRID MEETS "KING AMOS OF INGALIKO" : The Queen talking with a famous hunter of the West Greenland coast during the Royal tour of the Greenland coastal settlements, which has lately been concluded after seventeen days in the Royal yacht *Dannebrog*.

AT JULIENHAAB, WEST GREENLAND, THE GREENLANDERS CAME OUT IN THEIR KAYAKS TO GIVE DEMONSTRATIONS OF THEIR HUNTING PROWESS : King Frederik is standing on the left of the group on the *Dannebrog's* upper deck. On several occasions during his tour he attended Greenlandic sports, and saw the native seal-hunters show their skill at harpoon-throwing.

KING FREDERIK WITH THE U.S. AIR FORCE IN GREENLAND : The King being escorted round the base at Narsarssuak by Colonel Horace E. Frink, Junr., the commanding officer. The King took the salute at a parade of more than 1,000 U.S. Air Force men.

Britain Wins a Gold Medal as the Olympic Games Close

FOXHUNTER AND CO. TRIUMPH IN THE PRIX DES NATIONS TEAM EVENT

COLONEL LLEWELLYN ON FOXHUNTER JUMPS A FAULTLESS ROUND IN THE TEAM SECTION OF THE PRIX DES NATIONS: The famous partnership in action in the Olympic Stadium at Helsinki, with Foxhunter clearing the bar in inimitable style. Lieut.-Colonel D. N. Stewart, on Aherlow, and W. White, on Nizefella, comprised the British team, and after a morning round in which Foxhunter faltered badly, they went on in the afternoon to win the team event by a convincing margin. This was Britain's first Gold Medal in the Helsinki games, and was won within a quarter-of-an-hour of the closing of the Olympiad. W. White failed only narrowly in gaining the final individual prize in the jumping, being placed fifth after taking part in a tie for first place with four other competitors. The Duke of Edinburgh watched the British jumping. Later he saw the closing ceremony of the Fifteenth Modern Olympiad, when the flags of the seventy-two competing nations were trooped for the last time.

A BRITISH TEAM UPON THE WINNING ROSTRUM FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THE OLYMPIC GAMES OF 1952: Colonel H. M. Llewellyn, Lieut.-Colonel D. N. Stewart and Mr. W. White, flanked by the Chilian and American teams, which took second and third place respectively in the Prix des Nations.

THE OLYMPIC FLAG IS CARRIED AWAY AT THE CLOSE OF THE FIFTEENTH OLYMPIAD: Six Marine cadets carried the Olympic emblem from the stadium, and with their departure, followed by the standard-bearers of the seventy-two nations, the greatest spectacle in modern sport came to a close. The Olympic flag will be raised again in four years in Melbourne.

THE PACKED STADIUM AT HELSINKI IN THE CLOSING MOMENTS OF THE OLYMPIC GAMES: Grouped round the Tribune of Honour, where the last ceremony took place, were the standard-bearers of seventy-two competing nations. J. Sigfried Edstroem, of Sweden, President of the International Olympic Committee, who is to be succeeded by Avery Brundage, of Chicago, on September 1, mounted the Tribune and pronounced the closing of the games in these words: "In the name of the Olympic Committee I offer to President Juho Paasikivi and to the people of Finland, to the authorities of Helsinki and to the organisers of the Games our deepest gratitude. I declare the Olympic Games closed and in accordance with tradition I call upon the youth of every country to assemble in four years at Melbourne, there to celebrate with us the Games of the Sixteenth Olympiad. May they display cheerfulness and concord so that the Olympic torch may be carried on with ever greater eagerness, courage and honour for the good of humanity throughout the ages."

THE EARLY-MORNING SCENE IN THE FLORAL HALL AT COVENT GARDEN : Covent Garden is London's biggest and perhaps the world's most famous flower and vegetable market. Thousands of boxes of cut flowers arrive here from all over the country, rapidly finding their way to the elegant florists of the West End or to the street sellers, with their barrows or broad baskets. Covent Garden is at its busiest between 6 a.m. and 9 a.m., when the scene is both animated and picturesque.

BRITAIN'S FLOWER INDUSTRY

How Industry and Science have Co-operated to Bring Beauty to the Gardens of Britain

By E. R. JANES

(AUTHOR OF "THE FLOWER GARDEN"), WITH DRAWINGS BY LUCIEN LOWEN

Behind the modern splendour of the British garden lies the romance of exploration and of a great industry. A few hundred years ago there were no dahlias, sweet-peas or tomatoes in this country. Explorers and plant-collectors scoured the world to bring them here and plant-breeders spent their lives experimenting with new and better varieties which would flourish in the uncertain climate of our land. This work goes on to-day. The story of the industrialists and scientists whose vocation is to improve and multiply the flowers and fruits of Britain is told in the following article by E. R. Janes, who was responsible for the horticultural arrangements at the Festival Gardens in Battersea Park last year. He has spent a lifetime growing flowers and writing and broadcasting on gardening.

THE flower and fruit shops of Britain are famed the world over and in few countries can such great displays of flowers or such piles of tempting fruit be seen. So accustomed are we to this that we rarely think of how they are produced or imagine that behind these displays there is a great industry turning out flowers of a quality not often seen abroad and fruit in many kinds and varieties, to the limits of our temperate climate, aided by glasshouses which make it possible to cultivate all but tropical fruit.

Behind this little-known industry there is romance—few have had such simple beginnings—and the whole industry exists because of the Briton's love of plants. More than two centuries ago, when our population was small, gardening was little practised. Here and there the cottage garden—generally a fragrant muddle—existed much as it does to-day, but systematic horticulture was carried on only in the gardens of the great estates—generally in charge of a skilled head gardener, whose word was law. Labour was cheap and plentiful, and under the watchful eye of the chief the kinds and varieties of flowers and fruit which then existed were grown to perfection. Men such as this knew nothing of science, but possessed a great asset—the gift of observation developed to an amazing degree. Gardening was their life. For recreation, they tramped or rode on horseback to similar gardens to compare notes and discuss difficulties. As our population increased, the foremen broke away to found small nurseries and to supply the public with flowers and fruit, previously the prerogative of the rich. So the industry was founded.

A SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT IN CROSS-BREEDING PLANTS : The plant at the top left, Sutton's Miniature Red, was crossed with the Salmon Quilled Pink, at the top right, resulting in the Miniature Salmon Pink seen in the foreground.

It is said that the first glasshouses—of small proportions—were for the cultivation of pineapples, then a great delicacy, but which gave place in time to grapes, peaches and other fruits. Tomatoes were known, but under a cloud, for they were supposed to have undesirable properties, an assumption which we now know to be false.

In the two centuries preceding Queen Victoria's accession British plant-collectors probed the earth for new flowering and foliage plants—many of them from the tropics—which led to the building of heavily-timbered and small-paned glasshouses (for glass was expensive and rare). Small nurseries grew up around most towns, to cultivate plants which we now consider British, or foliage and flowering plants in pots which were sent to wholesale markets, of the Covent Garden type, then developing in many centres.

At first the markets were mainly for pot plants, since cut flowers, as we know them to-day, scarcely existed and were limited to a few simple flowers which could be grown easily out of doors. In the reign of Queen Victoria horticulture leapt forward. The iniquitous window tax, which deprived the poor of light and compelled nurserymen to use oiled silk and other substitutes, had gone, and glass was cheap and plentiful. Extensive greenhouses were erected in districts which were near the great and growing centres of population, or near towns favourably situated climatically, such as Worthing, which grew, and still grows, the finest grapes and peaches.

Concurrently, nurseries of glass sprang up solely for the production of pot plants, which were then greatly prized. Tens of millions were turned out annually. Their use spread and they were banked and grouped in great flowering masses in the homes of the prosperous, during

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GERMINATION TESTS TAKING PLACE IN COPENHAGEN TANKS : The inset shows seeds germinating on a filter blotter. At Sutton's, where these drawings were done, more than 30,000 such tests take place annually. The plants of the best seedsmen are watched and inspected every day. The weak or diseased and the "rogues" (mutations) are destroyed. Only those of great floriferousness and good colour are retained for stock. Germination testing is one of many processes which seeds must undergo.

THE ARTIFICIAL POLLINATION OF PETUNIAS : When the stigma (the female organ of the plant) becomes sticky, pollen from the other selected parent is applied by brush, as the girl in this drawing is doing. In the case of flowers which are normally pollinated by bees or other insects, great care must be taken to keep the insects away.

BRITAIN'S FLOWER INDUSTRY

(*Continued from previous page*)

ONE OF A GROUP OF ANTIRRHINUMS PROTECTED BY A CLOTH CAGE FROM POLLINATION BY INSECTS, WHILE ARTIFICIAL CROSS-BREEDING TAKES PLACE : The antirrhinum, descended from the purple bi-coloured snapdragon, is now one of the most popular of our half-hardys. As with so many other plants, cross-breeding has resulted in a vast new range of colours and shades.

A SEED-ENUMERATING MACHINE IN USE : It places exactly 100 seeds on a pad of moistened silver paper ready for the germination tests.

A GOLDEN HARVEST OF DAFFODILS IN THE SCILLY ISLES : As yet the trees show no sign of the promise of spring, but the mild climate of the Isles has brought forth an abundance of flowers to brighten the last months of winter. Flowers from bulbs are also grown in great quantities in the Eastern Counties and numbers of early daffodils are produced under glass.

the fashionabe season. They invaded the staircase and balcony and all fashionable London became gay with window-boxes.

Gardens, large and small, were severe and geometrical in design, and plants—apart from those grown privately for bedding—were produced in vast quantities in great glass areas which had become plant factories. It was the age of cheap material and acres of glass appeared around the populous areas.

But a change in our habits occurred. Much of the formality and many formal things had to go, and flowers were no exception. Pot plants for use in the house were no longer so important, and vases of cut flowers replaced them. This was not only because of fashion but also because English plant breeders, in their unceasing search to find something better, had evolved easily grown plants suitable for cutting which were within the reach of most householders. The chrysanthemum, long established in this country, became one of our most valuable plants for cutting, and although formerly of a short flowering season this has been lengthened so that good varieties flower from July to March.

The carnation, too, once a denizen of Mediterranean shores, had one section developed for cut-flower purposes, so that it produced good flowers throughout the year, a fact which alone led to the establishment of great glass structures in which carnations were grown.

Other favourite plants such as gladioli have also contributed to the expansion of the horticultural industry, which has developed more in the last fifty years than in all the years of civilization before.

But expansion and development occurred not only in cut flowers but in other branches of the industry. Towards the end of the Victorian era many persons who were weary of formal beds and borders which contained but a few subjects, repeated *ad infinitum*, turned to hardy perennials as a relief from the sameness of formal bedding. Then it was that two persons, William Robinson and Gertrude Jekyll, preached for many years a gospel of informality which extolled the merits of perennial plants in their vastness of kind and variety. These pioneers won their battle and it was not long before hardy-plant nurseries existed in hundreds, turning out a succession of floral treasures which, once planted, more or less looked after themselves.

Before their advent, unless a plant needed the care and attention of a semi-tropical, or tropical greenhouse it was considered of little account, but the hardy-plant farms and vast acreages of beautiful flowering shrubs completely changed the picture of English gardening. This, in turn, led to the fuller development of comparatively humble plants, such as the delphinium (which now has a society of its own to care for it and is the most stately of all our plants), the humble lupin and many others whose new varieties appear almost daily. The application of Mendel's Laws to genetics, and the appreciation of the public, has led to vast expansion and one firm alone has hardy plants extending over 400 acres.

The first world war checked the industry sadly but its revival when hostilities ceased was meteoric—almost every section expanded rapidly. Roses, whose use in gardens was formerly restrained, became available at a cheap rate in tens of thousands, and were planted in great quantities by persons who once thought little of them—mainly owing to the introduction of sterling new

FLAILING AND SIEVING VALUABLE SEED BY HAND : When a new and promising variety of flower is bred, years may pass before a stock of seed sufficient to offer cheaply on the market can be built up. Meanwhile, the small quantities of seed are far too valuable to risk in a threshing machine and they are flailed by hand. Sieving removes chaff and other unwanted matter. Modern threshing machines are used when large quantities of seeds are eventually harvested from such stock.

"LILIUM REGALE"—AN ARISTOCRAT OF THE HARDY GARDEN : Lilies love the chequered shade of the woodland and the moisture of the valley. Although many varieties of them come from countries much hotter than ours they are hardy enough to withstand the winter in most parts of Great Britain.

SOME FINE EXAMPLES OF MODERN DAHLIAS : When it first came to England the dahlia was of little importance, but now there are thousands of beautiful varieties.

BOXES OF SEEDLING LETTUCES IN A GREENHOUSE OF A GREAT NURSERY : They were sown under glass at the end of January and "pricked out" about three weeks later.

HARVESTING A SEED CROP OF GARDEN PEAS : The peas have ripened, the entire plants have been pulled from the ground and the girls in this drawing are seen spreading them over wooden tripods so that air can circulate and complete the drying process evenly. After drying the peas will be extracted from the pods for sale as seed.

varieties which would flower more or less continuously all the summer. Vast acreages were given up to rose production and one Midland rose firm grew, and still grows, approximately a million annually.

The horticultural industry, as well as partly feeding us and beautifying our homes, also beautifies the general face of our country. Good plants are seen everywhere, for not only is the cultivation of hardy plants expanding in ever-increasing numbers, but the culture of other plants, not quite hardy, is also expanding owing to the impetus given by plant breeders in the last fifty years.

The dahlia is a striking example. After languishing in this country for a century and a half, and said to be at the end of its tether fifty years ago, it was taken in hand by our plant-breeding specialists, who have transformed it. When it came from Mexico it was of little importance, but now it has many sections, ranging from one a foot or so in height to tall bushy giants which are columns of bloom and from varieties which give flowers the size of a halfpenny to others with mammoth blooms sixteen inches across. Owing to this development it is now one of our most striking autumn and late-summer garden plants. The industry has many dahlia specialists.

The skill of the plant breeder inside the industry is well exemplified in the case of the sweet pea, which came to us in very humble fashion over two hundred and fifty years ago. The Monk Cupani sent seed of a new plant from Sicily to his friend Dr. Uvedale at Enfield. It proved to be a weedy annual of a flimsy nature which supported itself by tendrils at the end of its leaf stems. Its flowers were reddish purple or bicolour red and purple in colour and quite insignificant except for their delightful perfume, which gave them their popular name.

It appears to have been a most unprepossessing plant, but our early plant breeders, with uncanny vision, saw its possibilities. Little progress was made until about sixty years ago when, after much patient work and the raising of thousands of seedlings, Eckford and others produced some startling varieties many times larger and more beautiful than any seen before. After persevering for some years, until hundreds of colours and forms existed and the end of development appeared near, a new form appeared, the waved Countess Spencer, and from this variety, with its much pleated standard, all modern sweet peas have been derived. When seeing the displays of sweet peas at Chelsea and other flower shows, with their striking colours and innate refinement, it is difficult to believe that through the skill of our plant breeders they have all come from Cupani's weedy plant.

In few countries has scientific plant breeding been so closely developed. Formerly, in the early days of the orchid industry, collections of orchids consisted of those gathered in foreign lands by intrepid men specially trained. Few were raised from seed because of the difficulties of germination; cross-bred seedlings and hybrids were almost unkown. Orchid species have unique beauty, but modern orchid seedlings are incomparable in their rare colours and form. They are all incubator babies, and in a modern orchid establishment thousands of test tubes in racks may be seen, each containing seed in all stages of germination, which will flower four or five years hence. In few countries are there orchids as good as the British, which, during the second world war, became valuable dollar earners. Even in the blackest days they were exported regularly in special crates provided for the purpose and are still exported in great numbers.

With this great industry divided so closely into small units, it would be impossible here to tell the full story of its many and varied activities, but the tomato-growing section cannot be overlooked. Sixty years ago the tomato was viewed with suspicion and was supposed by many to be a cause of malignant disease. Now it is an important part of our dietary and during the war fuel was allowed, and encouragement given, to grow as many as possible as a source of Vitamin C for a vitamin-starved nation. The industry responded nobly and in the great glasshouses which had increased very extensively between the two wars, record crops were produced—in some cases amounting to trainloads daily.

The flower growers also responded, and in their equally great glasshouses, where roses, carnations,

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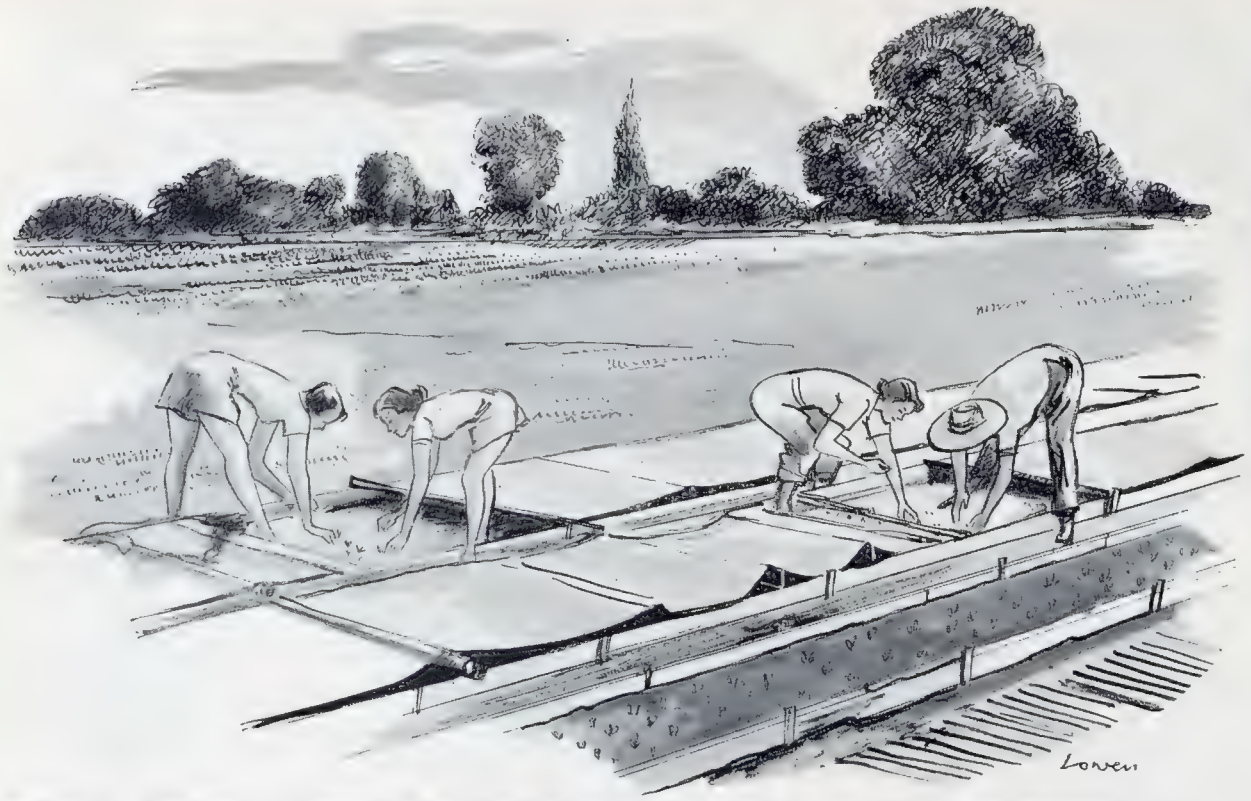

PRICKING OUT SEEDLINGS INTO NURSERY BEDS, USING ROLLER BLINDS TO PROTECT THE PLANTS FROM SCORCHING IN THE SUN : Pricking out is a term applied to the transplanting of seedlings soon after the first pairs of leaves appear. Even the most skilled operators cannot prick out seedlings without some of the tiny rootlets being injured, and without these providing a constant supply of water the plants would soon expire in the hot sun. Roller blinds are used for a few days to enable them to form fresh roots.

"PRIMULA MALACOIDES" TO-DAY, THE RESULT OF BREEDING AND SELECTION : This is a striking variety bearing purple-mauve flowers with a purple-brown zone surrounding the golden centres. Like most primulas, the Malacoides is at its best if allowed to flower in February or March when the worst of the winter is behind, but by sowing at the right time they can be controlled and induced to flower under glass at Christmas, a useful arrangement for the average gardener, since chrysanthemums, following tomatoes, pass out of flower at this time.

chrysanthemums or other flowers were established, after destroying this valuable stock, they grew tomatoes so well that, in the hour of need, oft-times they beat the experienced growers. Lettuces, too, were grown extensively in the glasshouses of the flower growers during the war and some are still grown as catch crops in the winter and early spring.

The skilled vegetable growers form an important section of the industry. Many vegetables are grown in market gardens near big centres, but vast quantities are produced in specially favoured districts. From the Fens we get celery, carrots and all the varied members of the cabbage family as well as potatoes in quantity. From the Vale of Evesham all types of choice vegetables and asparagus and brussels sprouts in particular. Cornwall supplies broccoli as well as cut flowers from bulbs, and very fine produce is grown in the coastal districts of Lancashire and the moss peat near Manchester.

And what of our fruit growers? They do not grow all the fruit we need—partly for reasons of climate—but they do produce great quantities. From Hampshire we have early strawberries, while the very late ones come from Scotland. Kent supplies us with all kinds of soft fruits as well as the plums and apples the growers in this country produce so well. Many apples are wrapped in paper and boxed, and if you see fine Bramley Seedling apples in summer it is almost certain that they have come from a Kentish gas store where, surrounded by the gas they themselves emit, they will keep in good condition for a long period.

The Vale of Evesham provides plums, apples and soft fruit, while the Eastern Counties and many other fruit-growing districts all help to supply the spendid fruits our shops display. But now we not only grow the rank-and-file fruit, some of which formerly came to our markets haphazardly packed, but also choice dessert apples in quantity. Orchards are now established in many counties and in addition to the extensive new plantations in Kent, Hereford and Worcester they can now be seen in Sussex, Hants and the Southern Counties as well as in many places in the Midlands and Eastern Counties. In a very few years the industry will have us well supplied with dessert apples of incomparable English flavour.

Then there are our bulb growers. Formerly, not long ago, the bulbs needed annually came from Holland, but now we have our own bulb fields in the Eastern Counties. There, they are not only grown to perfection but are also forced in astounding numbers in great glasshouses specially erected. Much bulb forcing is also done in the Lea Valley, in the Worthing area and in all parts of the country where there are concentrations of glasshouses as well as in the glasshouses of the smaller nurseryman. We are well supplied.

I have barely mentioned our shrub nurseries, which do so much to beautify our landscape and our gardens. They are managed by a fine body of men, and now flowering shrubs are so plentiful it is a great pity we cannot have more grouped alongside our dreary arterial roads. Our nurserymen have the material and the men to handle work which might easily alter the face of Britain in its dullest spots.

One of the most important sections of the industry is its seed trade, a section which is worthy of all praise. Space will not permit a description of its many and varied activities or the far-reaching nature of the business —it merits an article by itself.

It is not generally realised that a modern horticulturist, to be successful, must have not only a flair for the job but must combine many qualities and have acquired much knowledge. The spirit of the ancient grower still lives, but our modern horticulturist needs much more than skill, he must be engineer, chemist, entomologist and botanist, and often he must be geneticist as well—in short, under modern conditions, he must be a good scientist.

Displays in window-boxes and gardens and the choice flowers now seen so regularly show that Britain has become flower conscious and that flowers have become a necessity of modern life—a development far ahead of other countries.

BRITAIN'S FLOWER INDUSTRY

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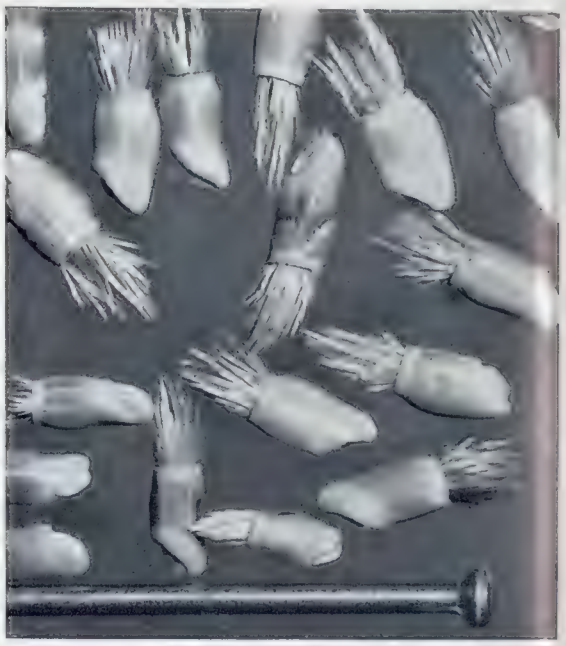


AN ODDITY OF NATURE YOU MAY FIND IN A SEED PACKET : These are seeds of the common cornflower, bearing a remarkable resemblance to miniature shaving-brushes. A pin is laid alongside the seeds to show their actual size.

THE TRIUMPH OF HORTICULTURE—A MAGNIFICENT DISPLAY OF CHARM AND CASCADE CHRYSANTHEMUMS AT A FLOWER SHOW : Few of us could turn our gardens into a colourful mass of bloom like this, but with a little trouble even the most unpromising bits of ground can be transformed. A great industry exists to supply the week-end gardener with seeds, plants, fertilisers, manures, insecticides, implements and sundries.

THE DUKE in "COWESLIP"

Sailing his Flying Fifteen with Uffa Fox During Cowes Week

"The Duke of Edinburgh is not only a first-rate helmsman, but a first-rate seaman," declared Uffa Fox in an interview with THE SPHERE, *after he had raced as crew in the Duke's Flying Fifteen "Coweslip" and in "Bluebottle" at Cowes last week. "It has to be remembered that a great many helmsmen are not very good seamen. The Duke handles his sheets and gear as very few helmsmen are able to do," said Mr. Fox. "This was well demonstrated in the race in 'Coweslip,' in which the Duke's use of the spinnaker and the way in which it was handled after it was set, with the Duke on the guy and his crew on the sheet, enabled 'Coweslip' to forge ahead."*

In next week's issue of THE SPHERE *Uffa Fox will contribute a special article on racing in the Royal yachts, and there will be further pictures of Cowes Week.*

On left—

"COWESLIP" AT THE START: With the Duke of Edinburgh at the helm and Uffa Fox acting as crew, *Coweslip* begins her race on the Tuesday of Cowes Week. The Duke, who had flown from Norway to reach Cowes in time to take part in the race, soon got the feel of *Coweslip*, and, sailing her with great skill in the Royal London Yacht Club Race, he finished second.

WITH SPINNAKER SET, "COWESLIP" SAILS AWAY FROM HER RIVALS: *Coweslip* making good progress through the water, with the Duke of Edinburgh and Uffa Fox leaning well over in order to make their weight tell. The speed with which the spinnaker was set enabled *Coweslip* to make up lost ground.

JOCKEYING FOR THE START: The Duke of Edinburgh at the helm of *Coweslip*, and Uffa Fox acting as crew as they waited for the gun which sent the eighteen Flying Fifteens "scudding" across the start-line. *Coweslip* crossed the line well, but several other boats starting well up to windward gained the advantage, and *Coweslip* reached the first buoy in seventh place.

"COWESLIP" DEMONSTRATES HER CAPABILITIES AS A RACING BOAT: Two impressions of the Flying Fifteen, with the Duke of Edinburgh and Uffa Fox leaning hard over. *Coweslip* swept through to second place when running with the wind to the Prince Consort Buoy. After that *Coweslip* defended her position well, and at the finish she was only 34 seconds behind *Starletta*, which had snatched the lead when sailing to windward of an anchored warship, while the rest of the fleet went leeward. Uffa Fox is the designer of the Flying Fifteen, and he looks after the Duke of Edinburgh's *Coweslip*, mooring her near his waterside home at Cowes.

WATCHING THE RACING FROM THE PROMENADE IN FRONT OF THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON: Handicap yachts of the 27-ft. to 37-ft. class close-hauled as they made for the first buoy during a typical day of open westerly weather. In order to avoid a foul tide many of the yachts sailed close inshore during the racing, but often bolder tactics paid, and those who went out into the tideway benefited from the stronger breeze.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT THE HELM OF "BLUEBOTTLE," WITH UFFA FOX IN THE COCKPIT BESIDE HIM: On the previous day the Duke had been second in the race for Flying Fifteens. On this occasion he took third place with *Bluebottle* in the hotly competitive Dragon class. *Bluebottle*, built in 1948, was a wedding gift to the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh from the Island Sailing Club. The Dragon class, which came into being twenty-two years ago, remains most popular.

COWES REGATTA

MORE HIGHLIGHTS OF A CROWDED WEEK OF SPORT AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF BRITISH YACHT-RACING

The old Cowes Regatta is gone for ever, for reasons well and widely understood, and in the eyes of most young yachtsmen a new and more exhilarating Cowes has come to take its place. Gone are the days when a racing crew of twenty-six—captain, mate, steward, cook and twenty-two hands—went into action on one of the great J-class yachts, when as many as nine men would pull on a jib sheet and the owner's daughters would lounge in comfort amid the bustle and activity. Cowes these days is essentially for the yachtsman who skippers his own craft and takes his friends as crew, and although there are still races for the large craft, such as the handicap class for yachts of 25 tons and over, the accent is on the Dragons and the Flying Fifteens. Even the boats of 5.5 metres and 6 metres are almost regarded as among the bigger fellows. In this era of change the Duke of Edinburgh has given a lead, and his participation in the racing at the helm of *Coweslip* and *Bluebottle* has stirred the enthusiasm of yachtsmen. The fact that he is skilful as well as enthusiastic has made his lead of all the more value.

"ZORAIDA," THE WINNER OF THE BRITANNIA CUP: *Zoraida*, the sturdy old yacht designed by Dixon Kemp and built in 1888, put up a magnificent performance to win the trophy. She was sailed by Captain F. Ratsey, R.N. The Britannia Cup, our most important yacht-racing trophy, was presented last year to the Yachting Association by the late King George VI.

THE ISLAND SAILING CLUB, A SCENE OF ANIMATION ON A TYPICAL RACING DAY DURING COWES WEEK: The Island Sailing Club caters essentially for the interests of owners of smaller craft, and it has a large, enthusiastic and highly-skilled membership, which has risen steadily since the Duke of Edinburgh engaged in yacht-racing in the Dragon and Flying Fifteen classes. Members are seen in this picture as they set out from the Club's slipway to join their racing craft moored in the Medina estuary.

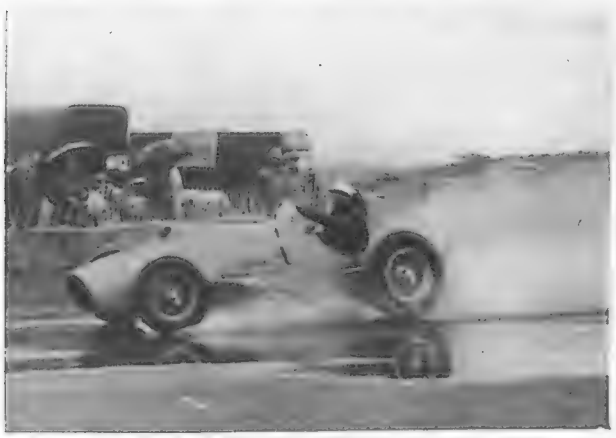
"VARIETY," "MERLE" AND "ZEST" RACING ALONG WITH SPINNAKERS SET IN ONE OF THE EVENTS IN THE VICTORY CLASS: This picture typifies much of the racing during Cowes Week, days of sunshine and cloud, of strong tides and fresh breezes, with the Solent a white-flecked expanse of blues and greens. There was not the same congestion of yachts in Cowes Roads as in pre-war years, but there was excellent racing in all the various classes and not a few close finishes to stir the blood.

On left—
STUDYING FORM: Nikata Bradshaw, of *Sylphida*, and John Foot, of *Brandysnap*, discussing the programme before the start of the day's events at Cowes. With the publication of the programme competitors know the exact course they will sail, the starting time, and the nature of competition they will have to face. From that moment the day's tactics can be planned, and often, while still on shore, a skipper will take the vital decisions that can win or lose him a race. The yachtsman knowing the Solent tides will have a marked advantage over visitors less well acquainted with the vagaries of the tideway.

BOATS IN THE DRAGON CLASS JOCKEYING FOR THE START: This was on the day of light airs in which the Duke of Edinburgh was at the helm of *Bluebottle*. The first Dragon yacht was built in 1930, when the Royal Swedish Yacht Club celebrated its centenary, and as part of the celebration of that event instituted a competition for a new yacht design. The competition was won by the Norwegian designer Johan Anker. In Britain and Northern Ireland there are now about 300 Dragons.

"MAIDEN LIGHT" GIVES TROUBLE WITH HER SPINNAKER: When this picture was taken members of the crew were trying to get control of the spinnaker boom, which had come adrift, but the problem was soon overcome and *Maiden Light* sailed on into second place in the race for handicap yachts of 27 ft. to 37 ft. She was second to the veteran *Zoralda*, also winner of the Britannia Cup.

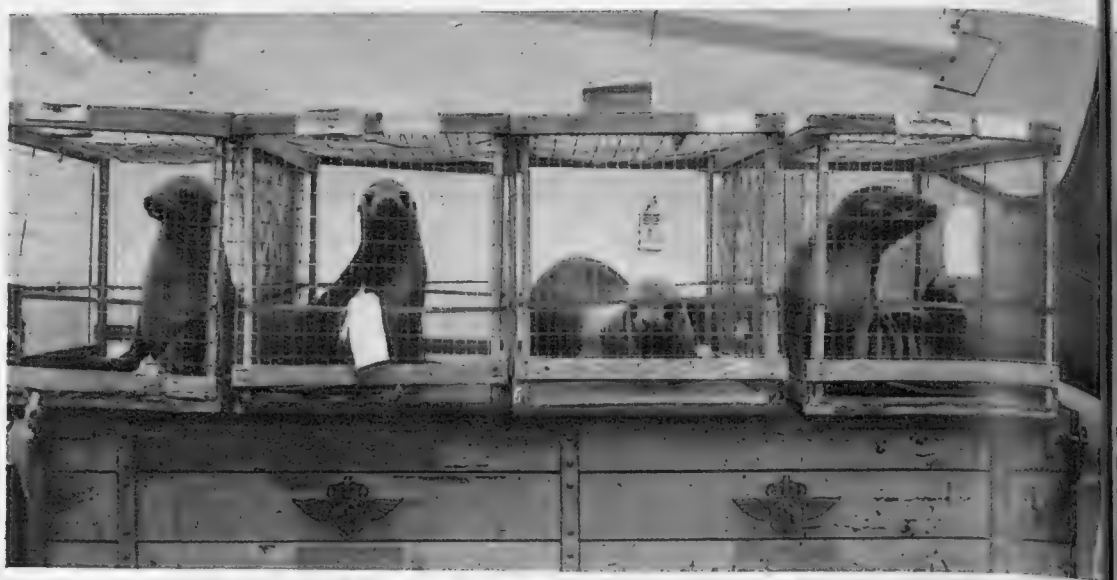
M. HAWTHORN, DRIVING A 2-LITRE COOPER-BRISTOL CAR, SENDS UP A CLOUD OF SPRAY DURING THE BANK HOLIDAY RACING AT BOREHAM, ESSEX : Hawthorn was driving in the Formula 2 race, which was run concurrently with the Formula 1 race—an innovation in British motor-racing which proved successful in producing one of the most exciting motor-racing events seen in Britain since the war. Hawthorn not only won the 200-mile Formula 2 race, but overtook Villoresi, driving a high-powered Ferrari in the Formula 1 event, and kept ahead for twenty-three laps. The heavy rain which fell just before the race started prevented any driver breaking the 94.4 m.p.h. record.



G. VILLORESI, OF ITALY, THE WINNER OF THE FORMULA 1 RACE, SPEEDING ROUND THE FLOODED BOREHAM RACE-TRACK : Villoresi, who was driving a 4½-litre Ferrari, averaged 82.83 m.p.h. in this race.

THE ILL-FATED B.R.M. DISAPPOINTS ITS DEVOTEES ONCE AGAIN : This is how the B.R.M., driven by Gonzales, finished in the Formula 1 race. Gonzales was making a desperate spurt to overtake the Italian Ferrari, when he skidded on the wet track and crashed through the barrier of straw bales.

KEN KAVANAGH, CROUCHING OVER THE HANDLEBARS OF HIS 350-C.C. NORTON MACHINE DURING THE BRITISH CHAMPIONSHIP JUNIOR RACE : Kavanagh had a double success on the final day of the Daily Mail International Festival of Motor Sport at Boreham : he won both Senior and Junior races, and rode a Norton motor-cycle on both occasions. His average speed in the Senior Championship was 79.49 m.p.h.



FOUR SEALIONS ARRIVE AT LONDON AIRPORT AFTER FLYING ACROSS THE ATLANTIC : The sealions were flown from Los Angeles by a plane of the Royal Dutch Air Lines, and were eventually taken to Chessington Zoo. In order that they should not miss the water in which they are accustomed to live, an attendant poured water over them during the flight.

***On Left*— SIR BRUCE INGRAM PRESENTING A MINIATURE REPLICA OF THE C.B.E. TO MR. H. A. TAYLOR, CHAIRMAN OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF ST. BRIDE'S RESTORATION FUND :** The picture shows, from left to right, Mr. R. E. Cross, Mr. W. Appleton, Mr. E. O. Norton, Mr. Stewart Nicholson, Mr. Hugo Bolton, Mr. H. A. Taylor, Mr. T. H. McArthur, Sir Bruce Ingram, Mr. L. E. Kenyon, the Rev. Cyril M. Armitage, the Vicar of St. Bride's, Mr. A. T. Penman, Mr. Taylor's son Martin, and Mr. Andrew Stewart. Mr. Taylor, who is a churchwarden of St. Bride's, received the C.B.E. in the Birthday Honours List for political and public services. The replica was presented at Ingram House by his friends on the Executive Committee.

NEWS OF HOME EVENTS
a Survey in Pictures

Motor-racing at Boreham; Folk-dancing at Stratford; the Herring Fleet Returns; Items of Social Interest

THE ENGLISH FOLK-DANCE AND SONG SOCIETY HOLDS ITS SEVENTH OUTDOOR FESTIVAL OF DANCING IN THE STREETS OF STRATFORD-ON-AVON : A crowd of holiday-makers watching one of the Morris dances outside the White Swan Hotel at Stratford. The Festival lasted for twelve days. On the etymology of the word Morris in Morris dancing hangs a fascinating piece of history. The word is from the Spanish *Morisco*, meaning Moorish, and the dances are said to have been learned from the Moors on the return of John of Gaunt from Spain in the reign of Edward III.

THE HERRING FLEET ARRIVES AT NEWCASTLE : The herring drifters present an intricate mesh of masts and spars as they crowd up to the Fish Quay. They brought with them the heaviest catch of this season—1,585 crans. Because of the heavy landings this season the Herring Industry Board recently directed that boats operating from Peterhead and Fraserburgh must limit the number of nets used in each boat.

DOLORES GRAY RETURNS TO LONDON : The well-known singer in a characteristic pose during the first night of her show at the London Palladium. Miss Gray, whose vivacity and exuberance will be well remembered by all who saw *Annie Get Your Gun*, has returned from America to charm her admirers with a fresh batch of songs.

MISS JANE McNEILL, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT TO LORD DALKEITH WAS ANNOUNCED LAST WEEK : Miss McNeill is twenty-two, and has known Lord Dalkeith for about four years. She is the daughter of Mr. John McNeill, Q.C.

THE HON. J. J. COOPER AND MISS A. CLIFFORD LEAVE ST. EDWARD'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH, SUTTON PARK, NEAR GUILDFORD, AFTER THEIR WEDDING : The Hon. John Julius Cooper is the only son of Viscount and Viscountess Norwich; of Château de St. Firmin, Vineuil, France, and Miss Anne Clifford is the daughter of the Hon. Sir Bede and Lady Clifford, of Queen Anne's Farm, Jacob's Well, near Guildford.

THE HIGH SCHOOL WYND, EDINBURGH, IN 1837: This coloured lithograph was the work of S. D. Swarbreck. This is a typical corner of the Old Town as it was at the start of Queen Victoria's reign. In this part of the town once stood the Archbishop's Palace. Part of the Old Town has been restored, and the holiday visitor exploring round the Canongate or the ancient Grassmarket may well find the effort most rewarding.

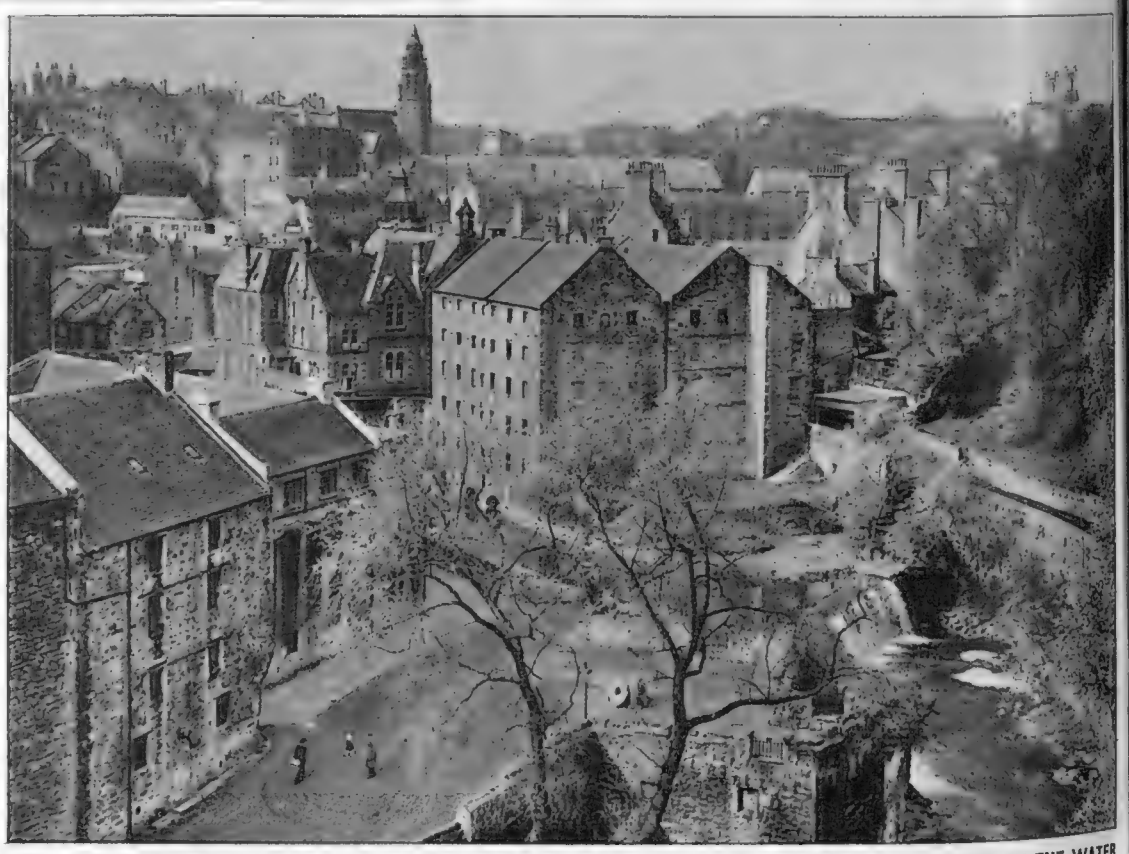
THE JUBILEE REVIEW IN EDINBURGH, A CHROMOLITHOGRAPH PUBLISHED ABOUT THE YEAR 1895 AND SHOWING WITH WHAT PAGEANTRY THE SCOTTISH CAPITAL ACCLAIMED QUEEN VICTORIA'S JUBILEE: This lithograph, together with other drawings on these pages, is reproduced by kind permission of the Parker Gallery, London, W.1. In the background on the right is the great Nelson monument on Calton Hill, which was begun soon after Trafalgar.

EDINBURGH

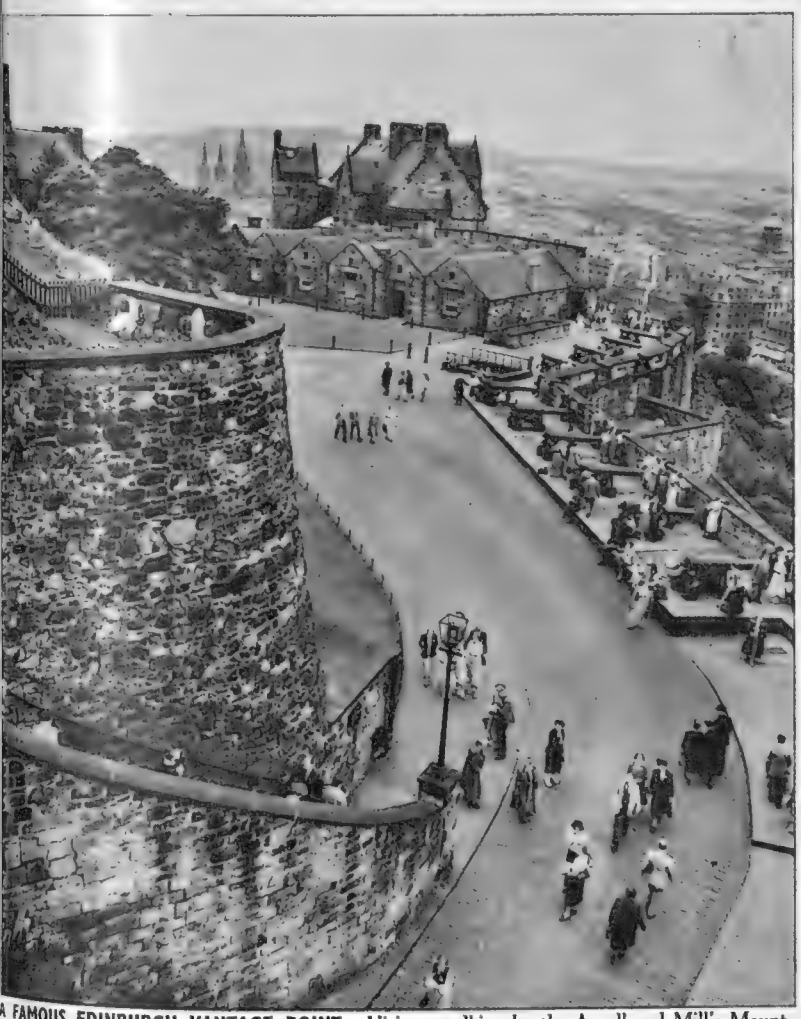
The Festival City

NEW PHOTOGRAPHS AND OLD PRINTS OF THE SCOTTISH CAPITAL

For the sixth year in succession the capital of Scotland is preparing to celebrate the Festival of Music and Drama, and from August 17 to September 6 Edinburgh will again be playing host to the world. In last week's issue of THE SPHERE, Moray McLaren, Ian Hunter, the Artistic Director of the Edinburgh Festival, and J. Murray Watson dwelt upon the delights of Edinburgh and the surrounding countryside. On these pages are shown picturesque aspects of the Edinburgh of earlier days, which, thanks to careful restoration, has not been lost entirely, even though much of the picturesque Old Town—the unplanned region of Edinburgh—has vanished for ever.



THE ANCIENT VILLAGE OF DEAN, WHICH LIES NEAR THE HEART OF EDINBURGH, IN THE GORGE FORMED BY THE WATER OF LEITH: The village, old-fashioned and somewhat confused in aspect, lies below the Dean Bridge, built by Telford, which carries the main road to Queensferry and the Forth. A village existed in the gorge in the time of King David I, who granted a charter to Holyrood Abbey, giving permission for mills to be erected there. The Water of Leith was once a polluted stream, but it now runs as clear as a Highland burn and its banks are pleasantly laid out.



A FAMOUS EDINBURGH VANTAGE POINT : Visitors walking by the Argyll and Mill's Mount Batteries of Edinburgh Castle, affording a fine view of Princes Street and the city beyond. This photograph, taken from above the Portcullis entrance, shows (on left) the Lang Stairs, which lead to Crown Square. In the far distance are the three spires of St. Mary's Cathedral, with Corstorphine Hill beyond. In the background on the right is the dome of St. George's.

THE HIGH STREET, EDINBURGH, IN 1837 : This is another coloured lithograph by S. D. Swarbreck, also dating from the first year of Victoria's reign. On the right in the foreground stands St. Giles's Cathedral, and in the background on the right is the Tron Church, with its lofty spire.

STACKING OATS AT HILL FARM, FARNINGHAM, KENT: Bringing in a bumper crop in the Garden of England, where the long spell of fine weather in late July hastened the ripening of the grain. In most of Southern England the oat crops are well above average, but wet weather at the start of August interfered with the harvesting programme on many farms. On the other hand, the sugar-beet crops were badly in need of rain if they were to reach maximum development. While oats have produced some big yields, barley has been patchy, in many cases ripening too early, because of drought. Wheat, in yield and quality, is good.

DOWN ON THE FARM

Harvest Time in the Garden of England; the Goose-dog Trials; Shearing in the Hills of North Wales

THE GOOSE-DOG GOES INTO ACTION: A novel departure from the usual sheep-dog demonstration was this novel display staged at Urmston Show by Mr. R. O. Williams, of Anglesey, whose sheep-dog headed six geese round the ring and into a pen. The performance was enthusiastically applauded.

SHEARING TIME IN THE MOUNTAINS OF NORTH WALES: Sitting against a stone wall, workers at Cwm Farm, Capel Curig, settle down to the task of shearing some of the 1,500 sheep which find grazing on this farm owned by Sir Arthur Hughes.

On left—
ROUNDED UP FOR THE SHEARING: Some of the 1,500 sheep on Cwm Farm, Capel Curig, where shearing has been in full progress.

THE RACING AT NURBURGRING

And Other Matters of Interest to Motorists

FOUR MERCÉDÈS CARS FINISH FIRST, SECOND, THIRD AND FOURTH IN THE SPORTS CAR EVENT OF THE RACE MEETING AT NURBURGRING, WEST GERMANY: This was a second major success for the new Mercédès car, which had previously filled first and second places in the Le Mans 24-hour race in June last. At Nurburgring their most dangerous rival was a Gordoni driven by Robert Manzon, of France; but he gave up shortly after the start because of gear trouble. In the German Grand Prix on the same day Manzon again had to retire during the race.

THE ITALIAN ALBERTO ASCARI WINS THE GERMAN GRAND PRIX AT NURBURGRING, WEST GERMANY, FOR THE THIRD YEAR IN SUCCESSION: Ascari, in his Ferrari, No. 101, is seen leading the field shortly after the start. Behind him, in car 107, is France's Robert Manzon, who retired before the end of the race. Ascari is the first driver to take the German Grand Prix in three consecutive years. He covered the 410.58 kilometres (255 miles) in 3 hrs. 6 mins. 13.3 secs., at an average speed of 132.3 k.p.h. (82 m.p.h.). The only British car to finish the course was an H.W.M. driven by Jean Claes, of Belgium. Alberto Ascari's splendid achievement in the German Grand Prix considerably strengthens his bid for the world championship.

A NEW BRITISH JAGUAR 3½-LITRE SPORTS CAR ON TRIAL IN FRANCE: *On left*—The Jaguar, with Herbert L. Hadley at the wheel, about to leave the starting-point during one of the trial runs at Montlhèry Autodrome in France. *On right*—The car travelling at speed. At an average of 110.39 m.p.h., the Jaguar covered more than 3,298.64 miles in 48 hours and was to continue with the object of putting up new production-car long-distance speed records. The British drivers Leslie Johnson, Stirling Moss and Jack Fairman took turns with Herbert Hadley at the wheel. The car, a coupé, is a standard model, apart from an oversize fuel tank and sump.

BANK HOLIDAY CYCLISTS AS THEY APPEARED TO MEMBERS OF AN OFFICIAL TRAFFIC SURVEY TEAM WHO WERE TRAVELLING BY CAR TO BRIGHTON: These cyclists were two or three abreast and overtaking each other, but the team of observers, which included Members of Parliament, senior police officers and other officials, were, on the whole, impressed by the general behaviour of road-users. *On right*—Members of the survey team watch traffic on the London to Brighton road. On the left, paper in hand, is Mr. H. Nicholls, M.P., and behind him, wearing a light jacket, is Mr. P. Freeman, M.P. With them are Major-General B. K. Young, Director-General, Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents (wearing a trilby), Chief Inspector P. W. G. Moore (extreme right), and officials of the Ministry of Transport. The team found that while the general standard of driving and cycling was high, there were a number of incidents which might have led to serious accidents.

FROM TWO CONTINENTS

The Pilgrims of Derry at Lourdes; Sidelights on the War in Korea; With the Chinese Invaders of Tibet; The Air Defence of Tokyo

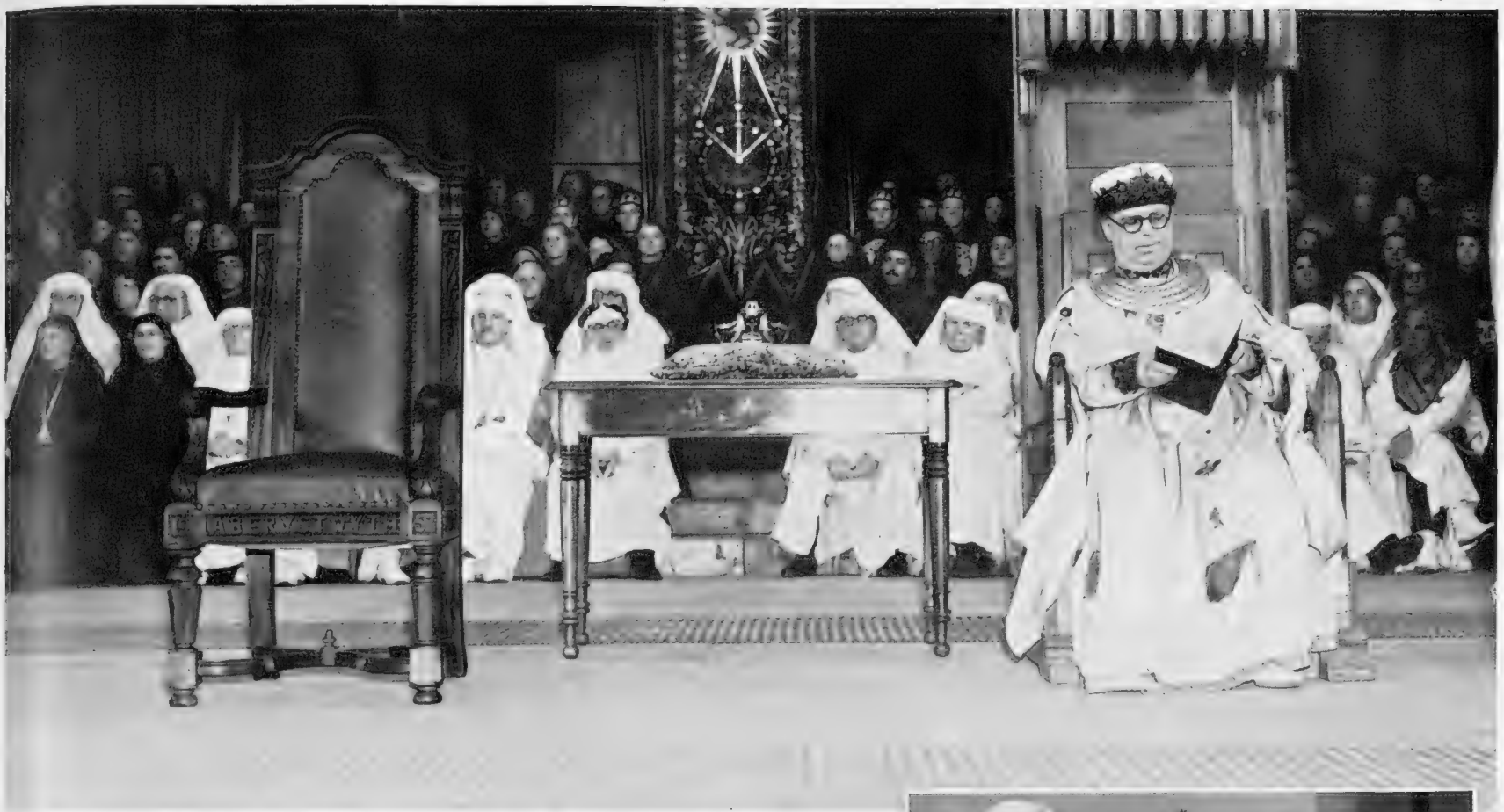
THE PILGRIMS FROM DERRY—A CONTINGENT 1,000 STRONG—ARRIVES AT LOURDES TO SWELL THE THRONG OF SUMMER VISITORS: *Left*—The Derry pilgrims, who were led by Bishop Neil Farren, seen in front of the basilica after taking part in the procession of the Blessed Sacrament. *Right*—Cripples and other invalids from Derry waiting their turn to take the waters at the Bernadette Grotto. It was at this spot in 1858 that the poor peasant girl Bernadette Soubirous (1844-79) scratched the ground and the spring began to flow, which is now the world-famous water of Lourdes. Before that happening it is said that Bernadette saw the vision of the Virgin Mary eighteen times. Bernadette was canonised in 1933, fifty-four years after her death in a convent. Since her day the annual pilgrimage to Lourdes has attracted an average of well over 500,000 people, August being one of the most popular months. All the large contingents which go to Lourdes book special trains. Often scenes of extraordinary excitement are witnessed in this town of the Hautes-Pyrenees, which has now enjoyed nearly 100 years of fame.

PLAYIN' IN THE RAIN—A KOREAN INTERLUDE: A heavy downpour did not seem to dampen the enthusiasm of these musicians of the Royal Canadian 22nd Regiment as they gave their performance under a tarpaulin shelter somewhere on the Korean front. The band-leader (right), who stands out in the rain quite unconcerned, is protected by a waterproof poncho.

AT AN ADVANCED FIRST-AID STATION IN KOREA: The Marine seen in the foreground is using his radio to summon helicopters to evacuate the wounded. One of the attendants is clearly wearing body armour, which has proved most effective in saving lives and reducing casualties in this long-drawn-out campaign. None of the wounded were said to be in serious condition, and all, it was reported, were wearing body armour. Even in the hottest weather the men have shown themselves willing to wear this equipment, and they seem to be convinced of its efficacy. There are two types of armour, weighing 12 lb. and 8 lb. The lighter vest has twelve layers of basket-weave nylon padded with rubber to take the shock of bullets and splinters. The heavier type has the same nylon with a metal base. The Americans are testing 8,000 of these vests and have lent thirty to the British.

DANCING IN THE SHADOW OF THE POTALA: Tibetan dancers entertaining Chinese troops on the outskirts of the city of Lhasa, with, in the far background, the palace of the fourteen-year-old Dalai Lama, spiritual ruler of Tibet. This is one of the first photographs to come from the Tibetan capital since the Chinese occupation, which has been pursued so quietly.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC RECONNAISSANCE PLANE FROM THE UNITED STATES AIRCRAFT-CARRIER "BOXER" SPEEDING OVER TOKYO DURING THE RECENT AIR DEFENCE EXERCISES: Planes from the *Boxer* attacked the capital in force in a well-planned mock air raid, and other American aircraft helped the A.-A. batteries in their defensive role. Japan now has to shoulder her own responsibilities in regard to civil defence.

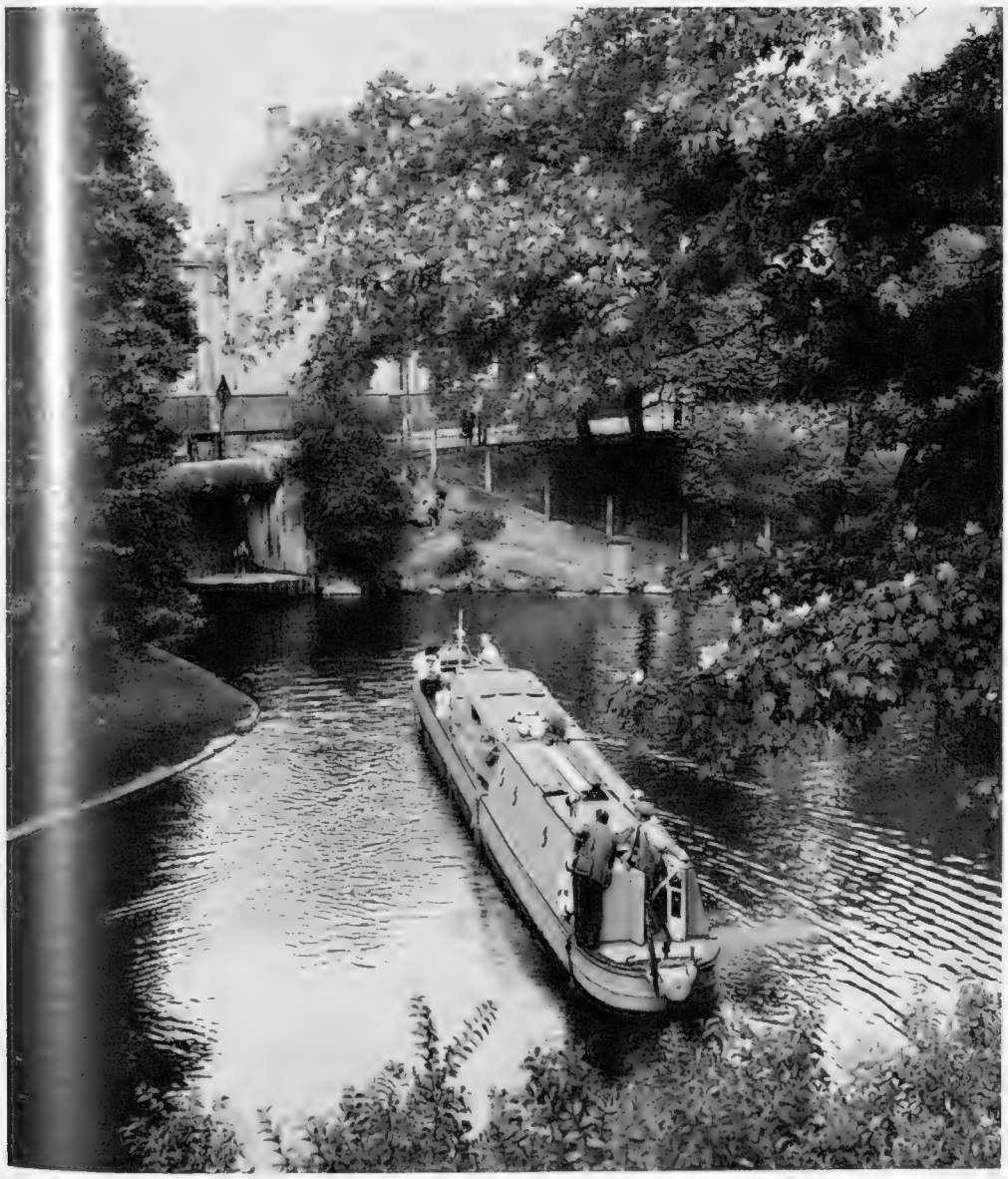


THE CROWN WHICH FOUND NO WORTHY HEAD—A SCENE AT THE 1952 WELSH NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD, HELD AT ABERYSTWYTH : Archdruid Cynan is seen beside a table bearing the Bardic Crown, a major poetic award at the Eisteddfod, which was withheld this year because none of the entries were sufficiently worthy. The other major prize for poetry, the Bardic Chair, was won by Mr. John Evans, headmaster of the Llanegryn County Primary School, Merionethshire. There were sixteen entrants for this competition and they were allowed to select as their subject for an ode either "The Voices of Creation" or "Hands." Mr. Evans was among the twelve who selected the second subject. His poem dealt with the strong hands of Samson and then with the Crucifixion scene, as depicted on the stained-glass window of a church near his home. In the climax, the poet cried out in despair against the spread of militarism and the destructive elements in the world to-day. During another Eisteddfod ceremony a crowd of several thousand attended a session of the Gorsedd of Bards, held within the Circle of Stones near the old Norman castle at Aberystwyth. The procession of Bards into the Circle was headed by pipers from Brittany and a group of Breton girls in their colourful national costumes.

WELSH BARDS HOLDING THE SWORD OF PEACE DURING THE GORSEDD CEREMONY AT THE EISTEDDFOD : An interesting event this year was the uniting of the swords of the Gorsedds of Wales and Brittany as a symbol of Celtic brotherhood.

THE WELSH NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD

Boat Trips on London's Canals ; Blessing Wells in Derbyshire



A BOAT TRIP BY CANAL—A NOVEL WAY OF SEEING LONDON : The canal-boat *Jason*, with a party of sightseers on board, is seen turning to pass under Prince Albert Road, just north of Regent's Park. The *Jason* is owned by a young artist, who set up his studio on board and later began taking passengers for 80-minute trips along the canals, from Maida Vale Tunnel, through Regent's Park and the Zoo to Hamstad Road Lock, Camden Town, and back to Browning's Island. These canal cruises have become very popular and many famous people have been among the passengers.

MEMBERS OF THE CHURCH CHOIR AND LOCAL RESIDENTS AT BONSALL, IN DERBYSHIRE, ATTENDING THE CEREMONY OF BLESSING A WELL : In the background, under the tree, stands one of the floral pictures, illustrating a biblical text, which are constructed near the wells for the blessing ceremony. In olden times wells were of great importance in this dry limestone country and the custom of blessing them still continues.

A FLORAL PICTURE OF THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT AT THE BONSALL WELL-BLESSING CEREMONY : These pictures, illustrating biblical texts, are constructed near the wells. They are made of flowers, leaves, moss and other similar materials stuck on a clay base.

The Sphere of Travel

Germany in the Days of the Wine Fest

SOME OF THE DELIGHTS OF THE RHINELAND AND THE MOSEL DURING THE ANNUAL HARVEST OF THE VINEYARDS

IN such places, now that the High Season rush is over, there should be no difficulty in finding pleasant accommodation; and however humble the hostelry it will certainly be spotlessly clean, while a noticeable feature is Germany's instinct for honesty in the small contacts of travel. As to the cost, it need not exceed a pound a day—even less in inns and guest-houses—for lodging and board, and then that enticing extra, good wine, can be bought for a few shillings a bottle—apart, of course, from the vintage brands. The transportation facilities—trains, river-steamers, buses—are all back to their noted pre-war efficiency.

September and early October are the months for the German wine festivals, which are often accompanied by colourful, historic folklore celebrations. And for those who wish to participate in this particular joy of life, when the merry people are so cheerful and light of heart, I can think of no better district than the valley of the German Mosel. This stretch of 120 miles, between Trier, at the Luxembourg frontier, and Coblenz, at its confluence with the Rhine, provides as perfect a gem as anything I know in rivers. For most of the way vineyards cling to both steep banks, while here and there, nestling beside the riverside, are the most delightful villages. By using the local steamer service, which is far preferable to the more prosaic train, you can meander leisurely along, stopping here and there as the fancy strikes you, just to laze and to sample in the autumnal sunshine the new wines. These cost a mere shilling or so for a large glass, or about three shillings a bottle. How glorious, too, are these bottles, green or brown in colour, and they give added delight to a sampling session.

Just to mention such names as "Bernkasteler Doktor," "Zeltinger Schlossberg," "Brauneberger Juffer," "Trittenheimer Laurentiusberg," "Wehlener Sonnenuhr," and "Zeller Schwarze Katz," brings a nostalgic glow to the heart. And if I recommend such small towns as Cochem, Traben-Trarbach, and the famous Bernkastel, it is merely to start you off on as happy and beguiling a holiday as one could wish for.

Apart from the delights of tasting the new wine and its concomitant celebrations, there are also a number of Mosel castles that breathe romance and are well worth visiting, the Burg Eltz being the greatest of the family. Considering its lovely setting in a remote branch valley of the Mosel, considering its incredible ensemble of soaring peaks and gables, and considering its relative perfection of preservation, I would unhesitatingly rate this picture out of the past the finest castle in Germany. There is, indeed, something about this castle—it is open to the public—which makes it seem almost unreal.

Another alluring district for those in search of the new wine is the Palatinate, south of the Mosel. Here there are many paths for those who can enjoy quiet pleasures. This part of Germany is often called a Garden of Eden—not without reason. A bright southern sun shines down on its soft hills, ripening grapes for some of the finest wines in the country. Its mountains are covered with thick forests in which you may see odd rock formations of red sandstone glittering in the sun. The people are unsophisticated, gay, friendly, full of life. They enjoy their wine, and can make a hearty meal of a "Viertele" (a quarter of a bottle) with a piece of nourishing "Bauernbrot" (farm-bread). A special treat is their new wine, which must be sampled, however, with caution by those not accustomed to its heady effect. With it, the traditional fare is homegrown chestnuts, or a "Speyerer Brezel" and a "Loschter Handkäs," a small cheese from Upper and Lower Lustadt.

The heart of this wine country is a stretch which bears appropriately the name "Wein Strasse," for it is, indeed, a case of there being vineyards all the way. At Bad Duerkheim there is a traditional sausage market linked with the wine festival (September 13–16 and September 20–22); at Neustadt selected competitors come from all over Germany to compete for the title of "German Wine Queen," and there is also the interesting christening of the new vintage. The festival takes place October 4–12. Then at Landau, farther south along the Wine Street, there is a picturesque procession of Palatinate peasants and vintners.

Farther south again, but on the eastern side of the Rhine, is the mountainous district known as the Swabian Alb. It extends from the Black Forest to the Bavarian border, and it is a region of attractive and picturesque scenery. Traversed by the sometimes idyllic, sometimes rugged valleys of numerous streams, the Swabian Alb is seen from the north as a flat-topped massif of limestone deposits, once the bottom of some prehistoric ocean. Volcanic forces broke up its level surface and basalt peaks now rise out of this mighty plateau, giving a rather appealing and fantastic touch to the landscape. These domes of basalt, often crowned with castles, rise up to 3,000 ft. above sea-level and harbour stalactite caves in their interiors. The action of constantly dripping water has created some seventy of these subterranean grottoes, the most spectacular of which are the Karlshöhle and the Bärenhöhle, near Erpfingen, and the Nebelhöhle, near Lichtenstein Castle. Not far from the last-named place is Tübingen, with its celebrated university.

Two small resorts I favour are Ebingen, amidst the mountains and not far distant from the Hohenzollern Castle, and Beuron, in the valley of the Danube. The Abbey of Beuron is famous for the fine singing of its Benedictine monks, and at midnight on Christmas Eve they are always heard on the German wireless, heralding in the Christmas morn.

THE VINTAGE FESTIVAL IN ZELL: The presentation of the historical play *Die Schlossweihe* ("The Consecration of the Castle") at the open-air theatre in the castle courtyard. In the background are seen the vine-clad slopes where some of the fine grapes of Mosel are ripened. Zell is an excellent place for a quiet holiday.

THE CHILDREN PARADE THROUGH THE STREETS OF ZELL: A cheerful scene during the Vintage Festival.

The Black Forest, the most extensive mountain chain in South-West Germany, has long been popular with British visitors, for here are dream-like lakes and rushing waterfalls and torrents. Its name is, of course, a misnomer, for it is no more black than many other forests, and, indeed, in the wintertime it might far more suitably be called "The White Forest."

It is a land of good food; and there is a pleasant custom of having a second breakfast at about nine o'clock. Called "Z'Nüni" (at nine o'clock) or "Veschperle" (little snack), it consists of a piece of smoked bacon with dark rye bread and a glass of "Kirschwasser" (cherry brandy). If you wish, you may have it instead as an appetizer to lunch, continuing with trout, either "blue" (boiled) or in aspic, or with a tasty "Eiersalätle" (egg salad) prepared in many tempting ways. In addition to Black Forest trout, pike is popular here, also "Barbe" (a species of carp), eel, and salmon from the Rhine.

Triberg is one of the centres of the manufacture of cuckoo clocks, and it is also an excellent base for excursions. To the south lies the popular resort of Titisee, with its lovely deep-blue lake of the same name. From here you can travel on foot, by bicycle, by bus, and by the small Three Lakes Railway to many enchanting spots. Not far distant is the Feldberg (4,897 ft.), the highest peak in the range. Southwards are the small villages of Toudtnau, Todtmoos and Zell, all pleasant places for a quiet holiday.

Lake Constance offers good opportunities for an autumn holiday, especially for those who wish to enjoy bathing and boating, while there are also many excursions to be made by lake-steamer to resorts on the Austrian and Swiss shores. Along the German shore are several lovely old towns, such as Constance, unscathed from events of war, Uberlingen, medieval Meersburg, and Lindau, the last-named being conveniently placed for excursions by the German Alpine buses into Lower Bavaria, as well as into the adjourning province of Vorarlberg, in Austria. The small towns of Radolfzell and Langenargen can also be recommended.

As I have brought you so close to Bavaria, I will take you over the border into this hospitable land, with its diverse scenery of high mountains and Alpine pastures, of glaciers and lakes, of lovely villages, extensive forests, and picturesque rivers. Within easy reach of Lindau are the attractive villages of Fischen and Oberstorf, while farther east at Fuessen you are in the countryside which offers the two romantic castles built by King Ludwig II of Bavaria. Another famous sight in this neighbourhood is the perfect baroque church at Wies.

Finally, here are some useful currency-saving tips: sleeping berths on the German railways as well as meal-coupons can now be paid for in sterling before leaving Britain. Should you be travelling by the Tauen Express, the German sleeping-cars can be joined at Aachen and their use represents a considerable saving over those running from Ostend. Journeys made by the long-distance Europabus services in Germany can also now be paid for in sterling. And should you be travelling along the Rhine, the rail-ticket in one direction is interchangeable with the river-boat service. It is possible, too, on arriving in the evening by boat at either Coblenz or Mainz to spend the night on board—a considerable convenience to-day in these German towns, for it is not always easy to secure accommodation. Any further information about holiday conditions in Germany can be obtained from the German Tourist Information Bureau, 6, Vigo Street, London, W.1.

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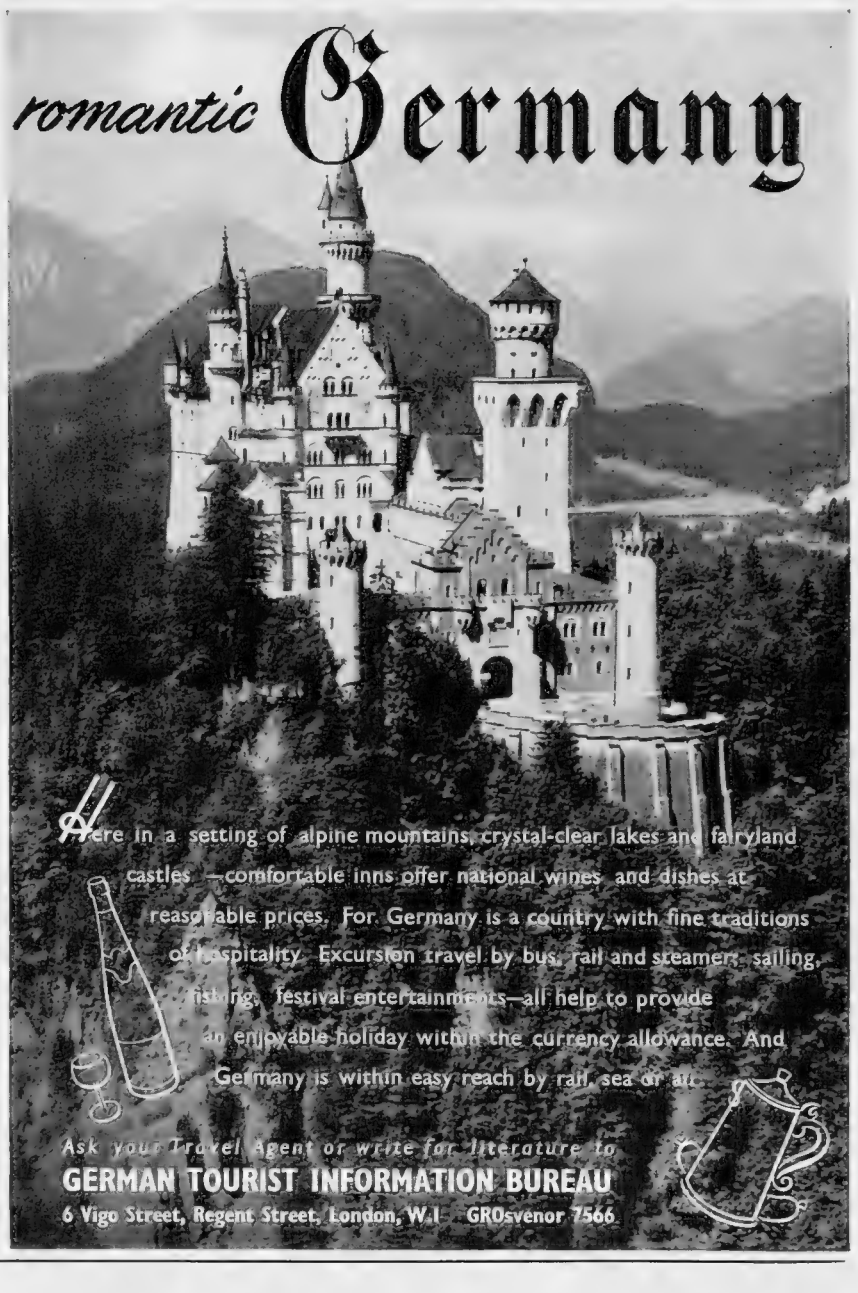

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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

PINKERTON OVER AMERICA

A Long-winded Account of a Famous Detective Agency Which Once Fought Lawlessness and Murder in the United States

IN the lawless and grim pages of American history, which are considerable, and which have also formed the basis for an equally considerable literature in fact and fiction, the word "Pinkerton" has a special significance. THE PINKERTON STORY (Heinemann. 18s.), by James D. Horan and Howard Swiggett, is, therefore, a large, closely written and close-set book of about 130,000 words.

The agency was formed in 1850 by Allan Pinkerton, who laid down the policy of the firm that: "We never investigate the morals of a woman, unless in connection with another crime, and we do not handle cases of divorce or of a scandalous nature." But there were plenty of other spheres of activity. Lincoln used Pinkerton in the Civil War, and the various States used the agency to track down murderers, bank robbers, forgers, blackmailers, and even their own police.

The book is not particularly well-written, because the authors seem to have tried to cram too much into it, but once you have started on it, it is not easy to discard. For me, the fascinating character was the fabulous Adam Worth, who committed crime and mayhem on an international scale, who took on Scotland Yard and the Surêté, as well as the Pinkertons, and who miraculously kept out of gaol for most of his picturesque career.

Mr. Bernard Newman is not only an inveterate traveller, but an inveterate questioner, recorder, commentator and peripatetic diarist. He has travelled in every country in Europe, many in America, Asia and Africa, and has a knack of going to the places where the news is being made—sometimes even a little before it has been made. About most of these journeys and encounters Mr. Newman has told us. He met Roosevelt. He met Hitler. He met and talked to hundreds and thousands of politicians, farmers, waiters, priests and business men, and gave readers the gist of the conversations and the conclusions he drew from them. And he is still doing it.

CHECK POINT ON THE INDO-TIBETAN BORDER: Dev Ram Sharma (right), an Indian finger-print expert, taking the prints of a Tibetan trader at Nelang, a lonely outpost which is 97 miles from the nearest metalled road. Only forty-six traders have crossed the 60-mile uninhabited stretch from the last Tibetan village to Nelang this year, with their sheep or mules bearing wool and rock-salt. No Communist infiltration attempts have been detected on the border.

TITO'S YUGOSLAVIA (Robert Hale. 18s.) is the result not only of a visit made there last year, but of an earlier acquaintance with the country and with its people. Mr. Newman has been able to point contrasts between the new and the old, as he knew it, and to give a very lively picture of a country which has a Communist Government, but which is not controlled from or by Russia. One anecdote gives a very good idea of the lack of bias and also the brightness of the style. Mr. Newman writes: "All Yugoslavia was laughing over the story of a man who, soon after the war, shouted 'Down with Stalin!' and was gaoled for four years. On his release he was naturally determined not to make the same mistake. So he shouted 'Long live Stalin!'—and was promptly gaoled for another four years!"

With his wife, a Spanish girl who had been a refugee from the Civil War, Mr. Churton Fairman travelled to Spain some time ago to visit his wife's parents in the Basque country. Their visit was a long one, long enough to see a great deal of the country, to travel to Bilbao, Malaga, Madrid and Seville, among other places, and to see a great deal of the country. But it was in quality rather than in quantity that Mr. Fairman's journeying was rich, and he has given us a record of that in his book ANOTHER SPAIN (Museum Press. 18s.). This other Spain is one unknown to travel bureaux and certainly to comfort-loving tourists, for to find it there must be tiresome journeys on branch railways, on buses or on foot, and much searching among small streets, little villages and remote *fondas*.

The result was to prove worthwhile to the author, and, in spite of some infelicities of style, rewarding to the reader. In fact, I think that this travel book, which includes as many domestic details about headaches and food and *pensions* as it does expatiations on the art of bull-fighting, comes very close to being one of the ideal guides to Spain. Elsewhere you may find elegant dissertations, and authoritative ones too, on art and architecture and the history of the people. Here you will find an excellent and comprehensive picture of the everyday life of the ordinary Spaniard.

There are moments when the prose of Mr. Hammond Innes seems to pop and fizz and crackle with excitement, in a way that is perfectly suited to its content, for this is one of our foremost writers of adventure stories nowadays, and whether telling a tale of life and violent death on an iceberg in Antarctica, or the perils of the Berlin Air Lift, or the melodrama inherent in a volcanic eruption, he writes as crisply and factually as if he were a highly-paid newspaper reporter. No heroics, then, but plenty of thrills in Mr. Innes's productions, and of these the latest is CAMPBELL'S KINGDOM (Collins. 10s. 6d.), the story of oil-wells and dams in the Rocky Mountains.

The Canadian West is by no means a banal setting for a story, and Mr. Innes makes the most of its remoteness, its beauty and the severity of its weather. His hero is a young Londoner under sentence of death from his doctor, who comes to Canada to investigate his grandfather's legacy of a tract of land 7,000 ft. up in the Rockies. It is almost inaccessible and his grandfather's lifelong attempts to find oil beneath its rocks have proved a failure. Nevertheless, a big mining company has made an offer for the property and plan to flood it when they build their new dam. The contest is literally between oil and water, because the young man, on small, borrowed capital, sets to work to drill for oil and to find it before the deadline on which the land will be flooded. Very exciting stuff, at the end of which he finds himself miraculously cured and less miraculously married. But it would spoil your enjoyment, I feel sure, if I were to tell you what happens to the oil-well and the dam.

The drama and pathos and hard work of life "behind the scenes" have been exploited in hundreds of novels and plays, but Miss Marjorie Stace has chosen a very welcome fresh angle for her novel of theatrical life in the present day. GARLAND OF THORNS (Werner Laurie. 12s. 6d.) may not have the best of titles, but it is a thoroughly entertaining and at the same time serious book about young people trying to make their way in the theatre. Her heroine comes to the little Bayswater theatre fresh from triumphs at school as Shaw's St. Joan, to find herself appointed assistant stage-manager, with a shadowy promise of small parts in the distant future. She learns a great deal about the stage, but most of it is concerned with setting and striking a set, and very little with the more apparent side of the Thespian art.

She knows where to find a plush sofa or how to fake a Grecian vase, but it is months before she is given a small part to play because of another actress's illness, and even then she is disappointed, because the actress unreasonably—almost maliciously—recovers. This is a novel about the stage as it really is, certainly as it must be in the small experimental theatres where good notices and a West End manager's approval *may* bring a play and its cast to Shaftesbury Avenue, but where that kind of approval is more often withheld. It has truth and common sense to its credit, and I recommend it for your holiday reading.

I feel rather less enthusiasm about THE IMAGE (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.), which is a pleasant enough novel if one can search out its essentials in the maze of over-writing and what is sometimes, with brutal simplicity, called padding. This, of course, is the most curable of faults; the author only has to prescribe a blue pencil for herself, but there is no doubt that it is a fault, or that Ann Faber's considerable talents of imagination and gentle perception would show the more effectively for some wise pruning.

The story is of a girl who has lost both parents and her only brother, and who lives in her aunt's boarding-house, cared for by this cheerful, coarse-fibred woman, but making her true life in her love for a young fellow-lodger and the fantasies which she weaves round her office life. She is abnormally sensitive and introspective, her history has accounted for that, and it seems as if the author sometimes concentrates on that side of her nature and on the melancholy of her situation to the exclusion of the shy charm which, with her prettiness, is her only attractive attribute. Altogether, a novel of more taste than vitality, but at least a promise of better things to come.

I believe that Mr. James Dillon White scored a success with his first novel, *The Edge of the Forest*, and in such cases it is always interesting to see how a young writer can follow up. THE SPOLETTA STORY (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.) at least proves that Mr. White has a firm grasp of the technique of the novel.

This is the story of a notorious bandit, one of these picturesque and tough characters thrown up by the war, driven with his followers to the fastnesses of the Sicilian mountains, there to attempt to hold out against the implacable advance of the forces of law and order. As they become more and more desperate, inevitably they begin to fight among themselves. The Sicilian needs no schooling in the higher points of treachery and cruelty, nor would he be true to his race if the feminine element were not present to add to his complications. In the end, it is not the police nor the militia, out in force, who catch Spoletta, but ironically he falls a victim to the first true feelings of love he has ever experienced. I am afraid I do not do justice to Mr. White with this bare and brash outline of Sicilian skulduggery, for he is capable of bringing pity, terror and even tenderness to this violent story, which never flags nor fails to hold the reader.

Alyse Simpson has written a personal story of quite unusual power in RED DUST OF AFRICA (Cassell and Company. 15s.), a power that derives clearly enough from the fires of an unforgettable series of experiences living and working on a Kenya farm in the desolate valley of the Saltlick. How this Swiss girl, bred amid the lush prosperity of the Swiss farmlands, the serene countryside of centuries-old dependability, went out to Africa with her English husband to wring a living from the Saltlick's unwilling acres is in itself deeply dramatic, but the real importance of this sensitively written story lies in the author's own personal struggle to accept life amid the red dust, with all its hardships and disquietudes. Just at the moment when she is leaving for a long holiday at home the locusts descend upon the Kenya farm, stripping to the stalks every particle of the farm's first crop. From that disaster, the cruellest and most intolerable visitation nature could have devised, came the decision to remain. Amid the desolation left by the locusts Alyse Simpson leaves her readers, and if ever a book cried out for a sequel this is it.

Based upon the conviction that the "seeing eye," that is to say true discernment, is not the monopoly of the professional, but is part of the birthright of everyman, Margaret H. Bulley now presents the second volume of her basis for artistic appreciation, ART AND EVERYMAN (B. T. Batsford. £2 5s.). Volume I dealt largely with the house and its furnishings. Volume II is for the most part devoted to painting and sculpture, although at one point discussion centres round architecture and lesser art, so that here also the idea of the whole may not be lost sight of. The science and system of true and enduring design is described and illustrated, and a series of tests is offered by means of which its validity may be assessed. After the tests comes "Everyman as critic." John and Mary and the Countrywoman, whom we met in Volume I, give their views upon the Vermeer frauds and on a painting generally regarded as a Renaissance masterpiece. The section ends with a discussion on the work of Picasso. Not all Margaret Bulley's views or methods will find general acceptance, but of her deep sincerity there is no doubt, and there is equally no doubt that those who use these volumes with a genuine desire to learn will benefit exceedingly. They will, in fact, begin to think for themselves on matters of artistic appreciation, and that is exactly what the author wishes to bring about. The two volumes, it should be mentioned, are published complete at £4 4s.

PIONEERING IN THE SALTLICK

A Tale of the Kenyan Wilderness

Many readers will have cause to remember those remarkably detailed works on aircraft identification which were foisted upon the troops during the war, showing the fighting planes of the world from every angle and true to scale. Well, here is the same kind of volume produced for the ornithologist, with wing ratios, tail ratios, leg ratios, and a hundred-and-one other characteristics neatly assessed and documented, and a whole series of illustrations in colour to make certainty of identification doubly certain. THE POCKET GUIDE TO BRITISH BIRDS (Collins. 21s.), written by R. S. R. Fitter, and illustrated by R. A. Richardson, is indeed admirably arranged, and with the aid of this book it is possible to recognise in the field any bird that is reasonably likely to be seen in the British Isles. Mr. Fitter is already well known for his books on *London's Natural History* and *London's Birds*. He is assistant-editor of *The Countryman*, and is at present chairman of the Education and General Purposes Committee of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds. The artist, R. A. Richardson, is Warden of the Cley Bird Observatory in Norfolk. Together they have achieved what has never been properly done before, and it seems certain that in this volume, with over 1,000 illustrations, 600 of them in colour, they have a best-seller for years to come.

Michael Shephard contributes to "The Sporting Scene," the new library of sports, games and pastimes, a notable volume on the sport of fishing entitled COME AND FISH (Museum Press. 18s.). Mr. Shephard is a lifelong enthusiast. He knows full well the ribaldry of the layman in relation to his particular sport, and it means precisely nothing to him. He understands, and is able to convey in words, the peculiar fascination of a day's fishing, and never for one moment is he an apologist for his sport, which every year in Britain, he says, attracts some 3,000,000 people to the waterside.

Silver is among the most magnificent of antiques, but it can be, too, among the most homely, for it is still associated with day-to-day living even in modest homes, and therein, of course, lies the abiding interest in its collection. In THREE CENTURIES OF ENGLISH DOMESTIC SILVER (Lutterworth Press. 25s.), Bernard and Therle Hughes deal in detail with silver articles used in the home, from knives and forks to tea kettles, urns and punch bowls, and the varying phases of design, ornament and manufacturing technique are discussed at length.

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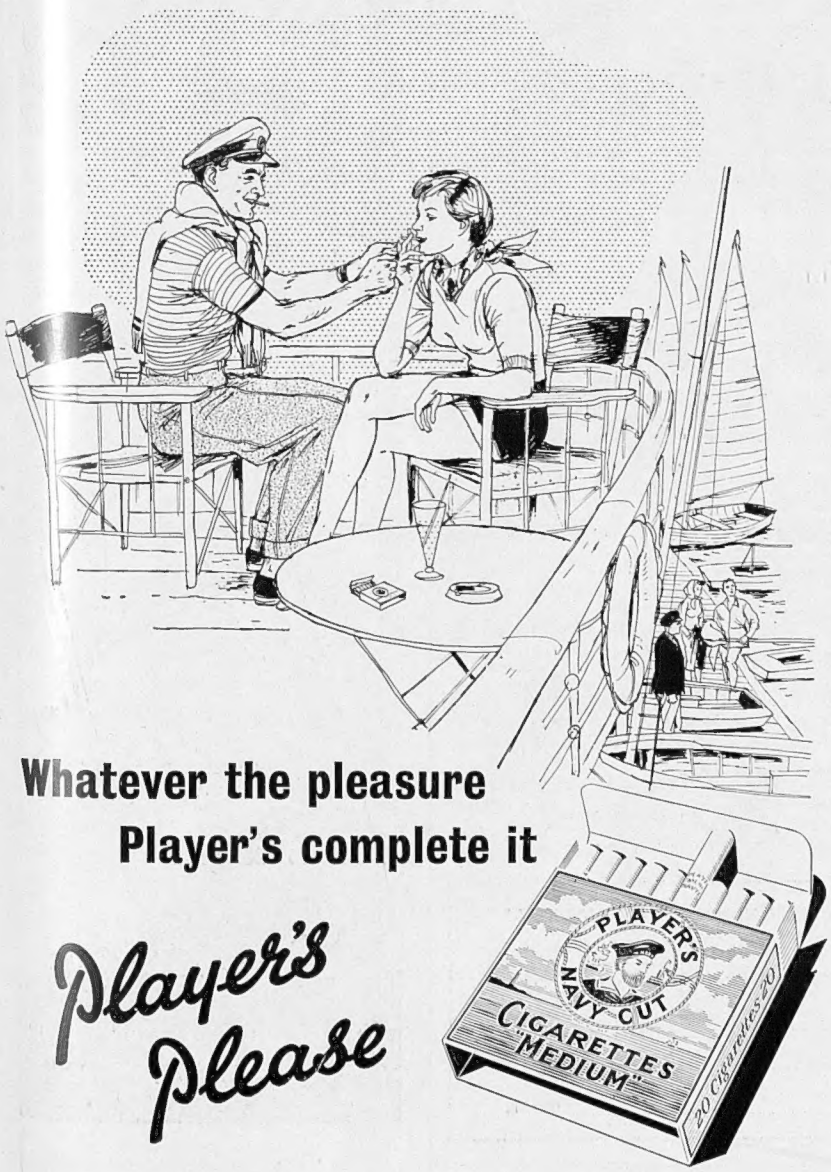

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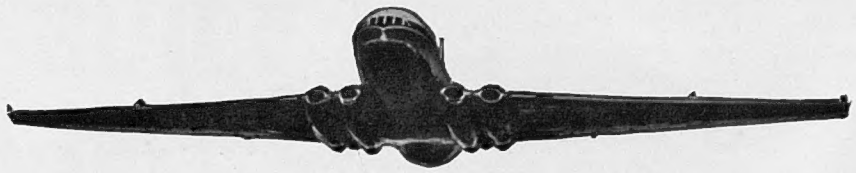

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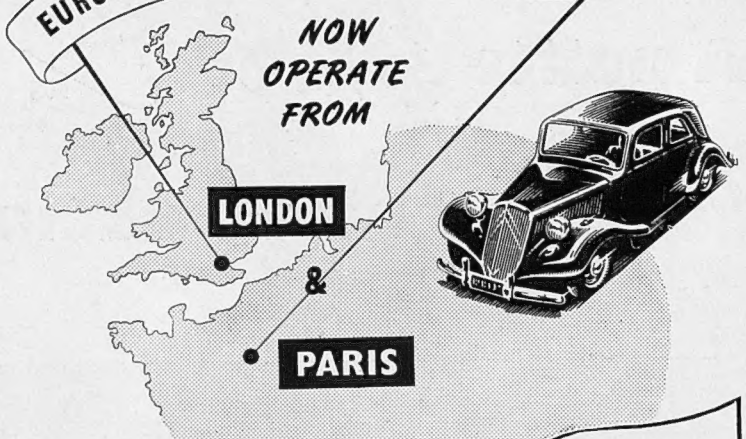

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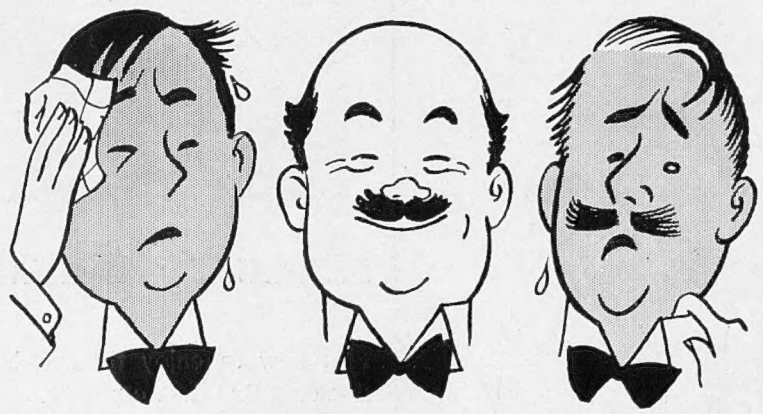

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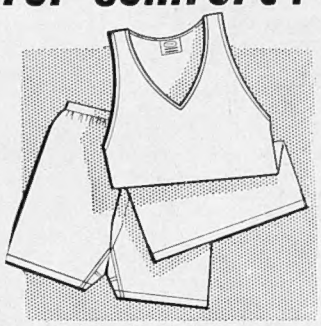

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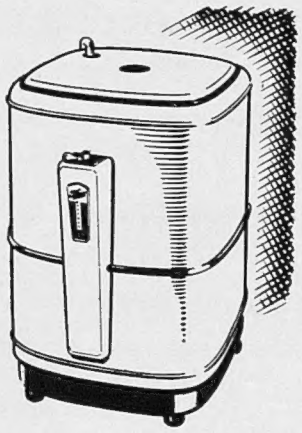

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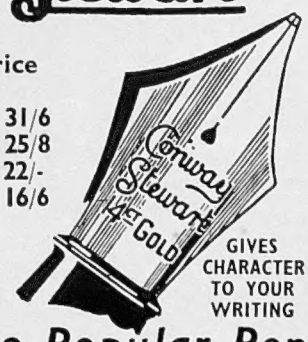

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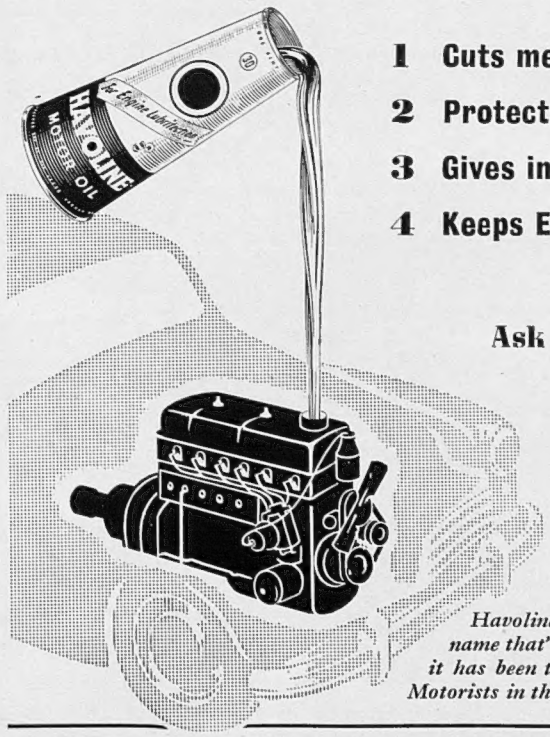

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Scene reconstructed by Roy Carnon

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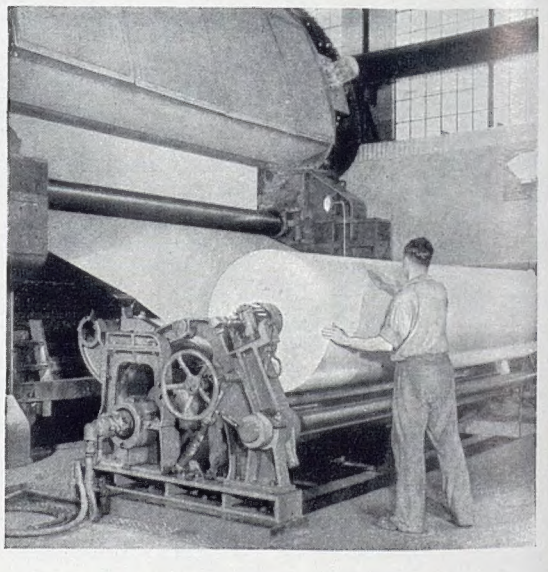

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